THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

WITH the American fleet planning to extend its manœuvres 1,500 miles west of Hawaii this summer, our leading editorial article, 'Roosevelt Drifts toward War,' acquires special timeliness. A year ago in 'The Road Away from War' we suggested that a Russian-American alliance was in the making and might involve us in war in the Far East. To-day it looks more like an Anglo-American alliance. But, whatever the alignment of the Powers may be, the fact remains that the necessity to export goods and invest surplus capital abroad is driving the United States into the same position it occupied in 1914, and our article closes by offering three suggestions that might prevent the history of twenty years ago from being repeated.

PAUL KÉRI was imprisoned as a radical by the Hungarian Government in 1922 and since then has written extensively on Hungary and the Balkans for the German press. Our readers will recall him as the author of 'Behind the Marseille Murders' in our December issue, and this month he draws up a more complete case against Hungary, which he depicts as the first purely terroristic state in Europe and the model for Italy, Germany, and other Fascist régimes.

HANS THEODOR JOËL used to be the Spanish correspondent of the liberal *Berliner Tageblatt* before Hitler came into power, and now he seems to have moved further to the Left, for his history of the October insurrection in Spain was written from jail and expresses a point of view consistently favorable to the Communists. It was the first complete story of those eventful days that came our way in any language and is likely to stand for some time as the most authoritative account of what happened during one of the most critical junctures of European history since the War.

WE RECEIVE occasional inquiries from our subscribers asking why we translate so many articles from the German-émigré press and so few from the Nazi press. The quality of the articles from the émigré press answers the first of these questions, and the article we have translated this month from the conservative *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* answers the other. 'Germany's Moribund Press' points out that the circulation of almost every publication in Germany—including conservative and even Nazi organs—has fallen by leaps and bounds since Hitler arrived in power and that many newspapers have gone out of existence entirely. The liberal *Vossische Zeitung* vanished some months ago, two conservative organs suspended publication on the first of the year, and the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Kölnische Zeitung* are reported to be in bad shape.

RUDOLF HERRNSTADT served as Warsaw correspondent for the *Berliner Tageblatt* before Hitler arrived in power and has held his job ever since. We translate this month a brief but important dispatch of his recalling Pilsudski's activities in Japan during the Russo-Japanese War. To-day the two countries are again on unusually friendly terms, and the interest that Mr. Ito, the Japanese Ambassador to Warsaw, shows in the Polish Ukrainians has strengthened the suspicion that plans are under way for a simultaneous Japanese and Polish attack on the Soviet Union. Pilsudski's long-standing friendship toward Japan thus accounts to some extent for the extreme nervousness of the Kremlin over the Kirov affair.

HAVING beaten off one attack after another, each one larger than the last, the Communists of Kiangsi Province have finally retreated before the troops of Chiang Kai-shek. We reproduce the

(*Continued on page 558*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

February, 1935 *Volume 347, Number 4421*

The World Over

CONTROL of the world's communication system has always been synonymous with world dominance: England owed its commanding position during the nineteenth century to its merchant marine and to the railways it built and owned in many foreign lands. To-day, however, rapid improvements in air travel have made the airplane a rival of the steamship and the locomotive, and the London *Economist* therefore draws comparisons between the methods that different countries are using to build up the best international aviation network. England, of course, has its Imperial Airways to serve the Empire, but the United States is branching out into purely foreign fields:—

> There is little that corresponds with our Empire services, but as against these the American companies do, and we do not, launch out into foreign lands. They are active in South America, which they are coming to regard almost as their own territory, and they are beginning to operate in China; consequently about one-third of their subsidy is spent outside the national boundary. The actual cost of this subsidy to the United States Government was for the last financial year £4,750,000 against our humble £548,000. We treat the air as a bond of Empire, a means of quickening Empire mails, and a help to Empire trade. The United States, not having the same problem, has turned to foreign trade. Its incursions into South America, China, and elsewhere are commercial—'showing the flag' and getting a grip on foreign markets. It is difficult to estimate the success. But France, Germany, and Holland are following suit. France, including her South American service, spent £1,465,000 last year in subsidy, and Germany, in

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1932, £850,000. Both these sums, it will be seen, greatly exceed the British. Holland's payment is impossible to calculate. Nominally, the Government spent £72,000 on the average of the last three years and in addition £82,000 in the Dutch East Indies, a total of only £142,000 a year, which is astonishingly low even for so thrifty a people. But there is in reality much more because of some ingenious indirect subsidies too complicated to describe.

The Far East has become the scene of the liveliest competition. England is spending £151,000 on an airdrome in Hong Kong and £2 million at Singapore. Two air services operate from Canton, where the native government has started work on a million-dollar factory that will turn out 20 airplanes a month, chiefly for military purposes. The French have built an airdrome at Hanoi, which will be linked to the Shanghai-Hong Kong line, and the United Aircraft Corporation has been studying two possible routes from Hong Kong to the United States, one via the Aleutian Islands, the other via Wake Island and the Philippines.

THE RETURN to London of Sir Maurice Hankey, secretary of the Committee for Imperial Defense, confirms the contention of our leading editorial article that British diplomacy is exploiting the Japanese-American antagonism to further its own desire for a larger navy. Sir Maurice has been discussing defense problems with the Ministers of Australia, where the local press reported that he proposed the restoration of compulsory military service, the fortification of Port Darwin, Newcastle, and other 'exposed points,' standardization of railway track-gauges, development of the Australian air force, and the appointment of a British general to supervise the whole task of reorganization. England feels justified in making these requests because Singapore is the most powerful naval base in the world and because the Admiralty has already announced that adequate imperial defense requires a 20-per-cent increase of cruiser strength. The Australians may gag at some of the demands made upon them, but the Roosevelt Administration has not hesitated to support the Vinson Naval Bill, which has distracted the attention of Japan from the still more ambitious building programme that England is undertaking. And, while Ramsay MacDonald pretends that Sir Maurice's visit to the Far East had no political implications, the American Navy Department proudly announces that the fleet will manœuvre in the direction of Japan this summer.

WE HAVE REFERRED here from time to time to the uninterrupted defeats that the British National Government has been suffering in the municipal and by-elections. The prospect of a Labor victory in 1936 therefore seems so real that its conduct in office has already become a

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topic of speculation. Last summer the Labor Party adopted a programme clearly indicating its intention to establish socialism gradually, peacefully, and constitutionally; indeed, the trade-union section of the Party wishes to confine itself to improvement of working-class conditions through higher pay, shorter hours, and more social services. But Herbert Morrison, chairman of the London County Council and the most influential Labor politician to-day, inclines to the belief that it would be best 'to put the major emphasis on the socialization of industry' and hopes that the issue at future British elections will be a frank one of socialism versus capitalism. The *New Statesman and Nation* goes further and demands 'a coördinated programme of constitutional transition to a socialist economy.' It expects that during 1935 the issues and rival policies will be clearly stated and doubts that the adoption of more liberal policies by the National Government can bring any real improvement or, indeed, even be put into effect. It therefore can see no choice but to support Labor and, in the meanwhile, to urge its leaders further toward the Left.

TWO AND A HALF years of economic warfare between Great Britain and Ireland have yielded few benefits to either party. England's exports to one of its best customers have been reduced by one-third, and Ireland's principal industry, cattle raising, has lost its chief market. Unemployment in Ireland has also increased from 78,000 in September, 1932, to 110,186 in September, 1934. But the Irish farmers have suffered most and have never taken part in so many disturbances since the 1880's. The brunt of the burden has fallen upon the so-called 'prairie farmer,' who raises cattle, and, if he has survived at all, it is only because he had some accumulated earnings. The poorer peasants, on the other hand, have actually benefited because for the first time in their lives they can afford to buy the meat that their own country produces. Thus, a certain redistribution of wealth, if not of income, has occurred since the formerly well-to-do cattle raisers must content themselves with selling their products on the domestic market for a fraction of what they used to fetch on the British market. Meanwhile, the budget shows a growing deficit, and the people who live off fixed-interest-bearing investments are likely to emigrate if the threatening financial crisis does not subside.

EACH DAY that the Flandin Cabinet remains in office two things become increasingly clear. First, its life depends more on the foreign than the domestic situation; second, the assassination of Barthou overshadows the assassination of King Alexander. Flandin has not only restored parliamentary government in France, he has completely ex-

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ploded the Doumergue myth by revealing the so-called 'savior of France' as the mere tool of a handful of bankers, industrialists, and Fascists who have not yet acquired any mass following. A reporter on the Radical *Lumière* recently asked a number of leading deputies their opinion of Flandin, and most of them felt he could continue to govern indefinitely, especially if he inclined slightly toward the Left. But the foreign policy pursued by Barthou's successor, Pierre Laval, is another story. Shortly after Hitler had given an audience to Jean Goy, the leader of a reactionary veterans' organization, Laval spent over an hour talking to Baron von Ribbentrop, Hitler's ambassador-at-large and the German equivalent of Norman Davis. These two events gave rise to the rumor that France was preparing to conclude a direct alliance with Germany and leave Barthou's beloved Little Entente in the lurch. The Laval-Mussolini conversations, followed as they were by reports that England and Germany would also join a general European security pact looking toward Germany's return to the League, seem like another departure from Barthou's policy, for Italy is not popular with the Little Entente. If these manœuvres achieve their purpose and bring the four chief European Powers into an agreement to maintain the *status quo*, the probability is that Russia and the Little Entente will suffer—Russia to the profit of Germany and Poland, the Little Entente to the profit of Italy, Austria, and Hungary. Meanwhile Herriot expresses alarm and fears the end of the Franco-Russian alliance, of which he was the chief architect.

WHEN POPE PIUS went out of his way at Christmas to criticize the spread of pagan religions while ignoring, for once, the atheism of Russia, he betrayed the alarm that many devout Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, feel as a result of the new religions in Hitler's Germany. To-day the pagan groups in the Third Reich have between two and three million followers, chiefly young people, the most important organization being the German Faith Movement. Alfred Rosenberg, Hitler's chief adviser on foreign policy, belongs to it, and his most important book, *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*, abounds in such passages as this:—

> A German religious movement capable of developing into a people's church will have to teach that the ideal of love of one's neighbor is definitely to be subordinated to the conception of national teaching; that no action by a German church can be approved that does not first and foremost serve the interests of the security of the nation. An irreconcilable antagonism is revealed to doctrines that openly declare that the obligations of membership in the church stand higher than the obligations of membership in the nation.

Professor Bergmann, an expert in the field of early German history, has written a creed for the neo-pagans, which runs as follows:—

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> I believe in the God of the German religion; in the noble spirit of the many and in the strength of my own people. I believe in the Helper Jesus, who strives for the ennoblement of man. I believe in Germany, the original home of the new mankind.

The most learned adherent of the movement is Professor Hauer of Tübingen University, who has studied at Oxford, served as a Christian missionary in India, and traveled extensively in the East. He forecasts the decline of Christianity in these words:—

> The old Teutonic sagas, which contain an inexhaustible wealth of the profoundest thought, should be included as valuable pre-Christian tradition in the education of the young German . . . Christianity as the central formative power in the German people is an episode in German history, and this episode is coming to an end.

Nevertheless, the neo-pagan movement has not attracted nearly as many followers as flock to hear the sermons preached by Cardinal Faulhaber and by the Protestant pastors who have refused to join the Nazi-dominated German Christians.

MUSSOLINI'S SUDDEN DECREE, issued early in December, requiring all possessors of credits or securities issued in lire and held abroad to report their holdings and surrender all their liquid credits on request to the National Institute for Foreign Exchange at the current rate of exchange drew attention to the precarious situation of Italian currency. Already the lira had to all intents and purposes quit the gold standard since it had fluctuated between 4 and 17 per cent below par on the London market and for months had been 3 per cent below gold parity in Paris. Furthermore, the Bank of Italy's gold reserves fell steadily during 1934 while an increase in the paper money brought the gold reserve down to only 42 per cent of the notes in circulation, the legal minimum being 40 per cent. Ever since the lira was stabilized at 25 per cent higher than the franc in 1927, Italy has adhered to a completely consistent policy of deflation, wages having been cut from 20 to 40 per cent during the depression and rents having been reduced 10 per cent on three occasions. The effect on the country's international position has been disastrous. During 1934 the unfavorable trade balance nearly doubled, exports having fallen because of the artificially high Italian price level and imports having risen because other countries have reduced their prices in terms of gold by devaluating their currencies. There has also been a decline in tourist expenditures, emigrants' remittances, and shipping receipts, not to mention the income that the Vatican derives from all parts of the world. Under these circumstances Italy faces the choice between open devaluation or fiat money such as the Germans use.

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HAVING CONCEALED the Russian famine of 1932 from the outer world for many months, the Soviet authorities have had little difficulty in surrounding the Kirov affair with mystery. Some of the more fantastic stories, it is true, came from Warsaw, not Moscow, but the Communist press throughout the world has spread the report that the Left opposition, formerly led by Trotski and now in the hands of Zinoviev and Kamenev, was working in conjunction with Germany and various White Guard elements. The so-called 'Rosenberg Plan,' expounded by Hitler in his autobiography and calling for the occupation of the Ukraine by Germany, gives this charge whatever substance it may possess, but it is as unthinkable that the Third Reich would undertake such a wild gamble now as it is that convinced Marxists of any faction would resort to acts of individual terror at any time. The abolition of the food-rationing system on the first of the year indicates that Russia's economic system has never been in better working order and gives the lie to William Randolph Hearst's ludicrous charge that the Soviet Union is on the verge of collapse. And it is precisely this growing strength of Russia that makes the Stalin régime safe from internal opposition, just as the growing isolation of Germany makes any foreign adventure particularly dangerous at the moment. The executions following the Kirov murder did, however, have some justification. The Soviet authorities jumped at the opportunity to do away with 117 potential enemies, but, since no evidence implicating either Germany or the Left opposition has been uncovered even a month after the murder, the entire episode can probably be written down as the result of a private grudge and not as a symptom of imminent intervention from abroad or overthrow from within.

J. B. POWELL, editor of the *China Weekly Review* and one of the best informed journalists in the Far East, has been visiting Russia and describing the military preparations under way there. Every year a million and a half men, representing 200 different nationalities and speaking 150 different languages, reach military age and undergo examinations, as a result of which about 300,000 are selected for training. The strength of the Red Army itself is estimated at 552,000 men, all of whom are constantly under arms and ready for action, but there are as many more in uniforms, including police-militia, Ogpu troops, and frontier guards. The periods of service vary from three years in the infantry to five years in the more specialized services, and the Soviet authorities claim that they have the most highly mechanized troops of any country in the world with the possible exception of Great Britain. The Far Eastern front receives special attention. The men stationed there get extra pay, and Mr. Powell gives this estimate of their strength:—

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The exact strength of the Red Army in the Far Eastern sector is naturally kept secret but is generally estimated from 12 to 15 divisions, four or five of which are stationed in the Vladivostok-Khabarovsk sector and the remainder elsewhere. Each division is said to number around 10,000 effectives ready for action at any moment. There are ten or a dozen batteries of artillery, including howitzers, each regiment has a minimum of ten field guns, and there is said to be an extra regiment of heavy artillery in each corps. Including 10,000 cavalry the total strength of the Far Eastern army probably exceeds 200,000 men with 50 heavy guns, 500 field guns, a similar strength of light mortars, some 400 light and a few heavy tanks, between 4,000 and 5,000 machine guns, and anywhere up to 500 airplanes, some of the planes being of the five-motored, long-cruising-range variety.

The civilian population on the borders of Manchukuo and in the Maritime Province participates in regular gas-attack drills, and everyone in Vladivostok and Khabarovsk above the age of ten must have a gas mask, which the government supply stores sell for nine kopeks each.

THE SIGNIFICANCE of these preparations is not lost on the Japanese. The November issue of *Kaizu*, an important monthly magazine published in Tokyo, contains an article signed by Onosuke Akiyama,—a pseudonym that conceals a high army officer,—proposing that Japan purchase the Maritime Province, Amur Province, and North Sakhalin from the Soviet Union at ten times the price paid for the Russian share in the Chinese Eastern Railway. The author points out that the bombing planes quartered in Vladivostok could reduce Changchun, Mukden, and Harbin to ruins within a few hours and argues that the presence of 200,000 Soviet troops in the Far East constitutes a menace to peace. He even goes so far as to hint at a virtual Russo-Japanese alliance: Japan's trade revival, he argues, has damaged England so seriously that a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance is now out of the question, and Japan has more in common with the Soviet Union than with the British Empire. Whether the Soviet Union would agree to any such arrangement is, of course, another matter. The Second Five-year Plan provides for settling 1,200,000 colonists from European Russia in the Far East permanently and thus establishing a base for revolutionary activity in the Orient. Meanwhile, half a dozen White Russian generals in Harbin have offered to assist Japan in dismembering the land of their birth by force if peaceful diplomacy fails.

THE TYPHOON that hit Japan in September produced repercussions comparable to those of the earthquake of 1923. Continuous rains in some parts of the country and a severe drought in others had already damaged the rice crop, and the typhoon reduced the total harvest to 75 per cent of last year's, or the smallest since 1913. The price has therefore risen,

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and the farmers who sold their bumper crop of 1933 to the Government in the expectation of a continued slump must buy it back at about 20 per cent more than they received for it. The cocoon growers have suffered even more. In 1925 they received 850 million yen, and this year they will receive barely 200 million, a decrease of 300 million since last year. Because the army finds most of its recruits among the peasantry it has had to advocate increased farm relief even at the expense of its own budget, and the *Jiji* of Tokyo makes this alarming comment:—

> As the War Minister suspects, a section of the public thinks that there must be some connection between the mounting expenditure of the army and the inability of the Government to attend to relief for the farming population. It would be unfortunate should the masses come to suspect that the needs of national defense stand in the way of materialization of farm-relief plans.

Industry has also suffered. Of the 60,000 factories in Osaka, the manufacturing centre, 22,000 were wholly or partially destroyed by the typhoon, and the local industrialists estimate that, in order to maintain the nation's military effectiveness, they will require 100 million yen, which only the Government can provide. Here may be one of the reasons for the improved feeling toward Russia during the closing months of 1934.

WILL SIAM go the way of Manchuria? Reports in the Far Eastern press and a recent discussion in the British House of Commons have given rise to the report that Japan will not only build a canal across Siam, circumventing the Singapore base, but will also make the country a virtual protectorate. The *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai commented on November 10:—

> It is now clear that three matters that developed during the past few weeks are all more or less related to this matter of a canal being dug across the Kra Peninsula. The first is the fact that the King of Siam, who apparently has made his permanent home in England, has resigned, or at least threatened to resign, because of a dispute regarding the throne's prerogative. The second is that there has been a dispute as to the succession to the sultanate of one of the Malay States, lying just to the south of Siam. It is to be remembered that Britain has for many years exercised a sort of suzerainty over the Malay States, part of which are known as 'federated' and part as 'unfederated.' The third is the report that a Siamese prince is entering a Japanese college.

The Japanese are watching Siam closely, and the *Asahi* of Tokyo made the following thinly veiled reference to England's activities in that quarter:—

> Considering the source of the first report about the intention of the King to resign, it is possible to conjecture that a certain country is at the bottom of the plot. In the several revolutions that have taken place in Siam in recent years the

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trend toward fundamental political organization has been intensified, and opinion has gained strength that Siam, in order to free itself from the virtual rule of a certain foreign Power, should join hands with a certain country in the Far East. The certain foreign country, perceiving this situation, has sent to Siam as its Minister a diplomat known for his shrewdness, and he is now trying to check the movement for political reform.

Finally, a Conservative member of the British House of Commons delivered this warning about the projected canal:—

The project for the construction of a canal by the Siamese merits being discussed because it has been proposed that the Japanese lend their financial aid for the construction of the canal. The realization of this project would have profound influence on our strategic position in the Malay Peninsula. Let us not forget that the piercing of the Panama Canal had a great naval and strategic importance in the western world.

What the British fear is that the Japanese will set to work quietly and unofficially on the canal and, when called to account, will refer all inquiries to the puppet state they are planning to establish in Siam.

PERU GLITTERS in the select constellation of bright spots that appeared on the world horizon during 1934. The British Department of Overseas Trade has just published a report by Darrell Wilson bringing the history of Peru up to August of last year, and subsequent developments have endorsed the optimistic view he takes. As a backward agricultural country, Peru did not suffer from unemployment during the depression; what progress it had made merely ceased. But now that the market for raw materials is beginning to revive, Peru's exports of cotton, sugar, and wool, representing 80 per cent of the value of the country's total production, have increased. Peru also grows more than enough wheat, rice, corn, barley, rye, beans, vegetables, fruit, coffee, cocoa, tea, and dairy produce for its domestic requirements and is making progress with rubber, lumber, quinine, and petroleum for export. Peruvian agriculture is in the hands of natives, but her oil and mineral wealth is owned abroad. What interests foreigners most, however, is the possibility of opening up the interior of the country, two-thirds of which is covered by forests that could be reclaimed and made able to support a much larger population. Nor would the country have to depend on the outer world for all its manufactured products; already one-third of its cotton goes straight into domestic mills. In short, there seems to be at least one unoccupied frontier left in the world.

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Is Roosevelt's New Deal, like Wilson's New Freedom, heading toward war? The recent naval discussions in London do not foreshadow a very peaceful future.

Roosevelt Drifts *toward* WAR

By THE EDITOR OF THE LIVING AGE

JAPAN'S abrogation of the Washington Naval Treaty brings President Roosevelt one step closer to the same dilemma that confronted Woodrow Wilson in 1917. True, a state of war does not yet exist in the Far East, but the danger signals are flying, and, if hostilities break out, American interests will be affected more swiftly than they were twenty years ago.

Only last month we reproduced the closing portion of a momentous address delivered by General Jan C. Smuts before the Royal Institute of Foreign Affairs in London. He devoted his opening remarks to minimizing the war danger in Europe and advocating not only complete equality of status for Germany but revision of the Versailles Treaty. It was the Pacific area, not Europe, that he viewed with alarm.

'In the Far East,' he said, 'a cloud is appearing that, although it is at present no greater than a man's hand, may come to overshadow the whole international sky in time.' He then proceeded to specify, 'Manchukuo is perhaps not yet the parting of the ways, but it is the warning that we are coming to the parting of the ways and may soon have to make a very solemn choice in national policy.' He called the old Anglo-Japanese alliance 'a mistake' and warned against renewing it on the ground that 'the future policy and association of our great British Commonwealth lie more with the U. S. A. than with any group in the world.' Not only did he assume that the United States would greet this association with open arms; he took for granted the impossibility of a Japanese-American alliance.

The recent antics of our State Department more than justify both these assumptions. On December 6 Ambassador Robert W. Bingham took the Smuts speech as his text for a plea for Anglo-American coöperation.

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'We of the English-speaking union throughout the world,' he said, 'are committed to a great purpose and a great ideal. I have no doubt that the welfare and security of our countries are bound up in this purpose and this ideal.' His chief, Secretary Hull, spoke in the same vein on the same day. He praised 'the fair coöperative attitude' of the British delegation during the London naval talks and greeted Prime Minister MacDonald's statement that 'the British Government always attaches the highest value to close friendship and coöperation between Great Britain and the United States' with these words, 'I can assure him that this Government whole-heartedly reciprocates.'

II

No such cordial reception greeted the plea for Japanese-American friendship made by Ambassador Hiroshi Saito before the Academy of Political and Social Science in Philadelphia on November 23. Here the speaker pointed out among other things that 'Japan and America are not competitors in the economic field. Both of our countries are endowed with entirely different resources. Our products are altogether complementary, and our Pacific trade is remarkably well balanced. Only, we buy a little more than you buy from us.' On the subject of naval reduction he said, 'Japan proposes to have her naval strength, standing at 800,000 tons, reduced by half. She is prepared to go down as far as the general situation in the world permits, in juxtaposition with the United States and Great Britain. If all of us make such drastic reduction, we will approach the day when we can reduce our respective navies to the police standard.' Finally, he pointed out that the United States plans to grant independence to the Philippines in ten years and that, in the meantime, 'Japan has no covetous designs on these islands and is always prepared to conclude any agreement to safeguard their immunity from outside molestation.'

No doubt the British Empire requires a larger navy than the Japanese to protect its longer trade routes, and perhaps that navy may even now be reduced to a bare minimum. That, however, is a matter between Japan and Great Britain. It has no bearing whatever on the United States. Yet Secretary Hull and Ambassador-at-large Davis have insisted so forcefully on maintaining the present 5-5-3 ratio that the Japanese Naval Office expressed these views in the newspaper *Asahi:* 'The conversations have revealed that the United States, in its desire to keep the present ratio, does not intend to effect quantitative or qualitative reduction. In view of the fact that the desire to preserve American supremacy is an obstacle to disarmament, America's attempt to place only on Japan's shoulders responsibility for the deadlock is inexplicable.'

The causes of the deadlock are less mysterious. They arise directly from Japan's sudden trade boom during four years of an unexampled world depression. While the exports of other nations have been cut in two, Japan's have risen by over 200 per cent to some parts of the world and by at least 25 per cent to every continent. Whereas England exports about 30 per cent of its total production and the United States about 10 per cent, Japan exports 60 per cent. Four

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factors have made this possible. First, mass production with modern machinery; second, a low standard of living; third, a depreciated currency; fourth, a loyal and increasing population.

External conditions have also played a part. The adoption of European technique by the colored races has weakened the moral and material supremacy of the white man throughout the Orient, and Japanese diplomacy has turned this racial hostility to political and economic advantage. Virtually all the American and British advisers at the court of Siam have been replaced by Japanese, and the report is now current that Japan is planning to build a canal across the Siamese peninsula and thus destroy most of the strategic advantages of England's base at Singapore.

The occupation of Manchuria in 1931 and the bombardment of Shanghai in 1932 indicated what Japan wants and how she plans to get it. The prize amounts to even more than the territory of Manchukuo with its 30,000,000 inhabitants, its area larger than France and Germany combined, its considerable natural resources. The prize is the entire market of China and—more important still—the opportunities for investment that China offers. To-day 37 per cent of the foreign-owned wealth of China is in British hands, 34 per cent in the hands of the Japanese, and 5 per cent in the hands of Americans. The British are rushing the Singapore base to completion three years ahead of schedule to protect their holdings in that part of the world, and Japan has already launched two military campaigns on the Chinese mainland. If the United States is to receive a slice of the pie, it must also bring main force to bear.

Already the major portion of the $50,000,000 credit extended by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to the Chinese National Government for the purchase of wheat in 1933 has gone into American-made fighting planes. Over a year ago the Curtiss-Wright Corporation announced that it was going to build a five-million-dollar airport in Hangchow; Pan-American Airways controls 45 per cent of the stock in the China National Aviation Corporation; and only last month we quoted a horrified British Tory who wrote from Shanghai that the Chinese National Government had just placed a seven-and-a-half-million-dollar order for twenty bombers with one American manufacturer. Captain Frank Hawks and other aces are finding employment in China as salesmen and instructors.

Yet China, for all its immensity, lacks the natural resources to make it a profitable field of investment or trade. At the American rate of consumption China's reserves of iron ore would be exhausted in two years, and the cost of purchasing and maintaining an automobile comes to five times the income of the average Chinese rice-grower who supports a large family on two acres of land. In the second place, China has already become a theatre of civil war that threatens the existing foreign-owned wealth and that has driven many foreigners from the interior of the country.

At the moment, of course, Japan is making a desperate bid to control China. Yet the same December 30 issue of the *New York Times* that gave the complete text of the notes

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exchanged by Hull and Hirota concerning Japan's denunciation of the Washington Treaty also contained a three-column article by Sterling Fisher, Jr. suggesting that the Japanese boom was nearing its limits. He pointed out that industrial production was declining, that foreign restrictions were reducing exports, and that the public debt is accumulating a record deficit at a time when defense expenditures have reached an all-time high. He concluded that 'there appear to be more than sufficient reasons for Japan to avoid initiating a naval-building race, because of her industrial uncertainties, her losses in natural calamities, her barely convalescent stockmarket, and her already overtaxed budget.'

III

Why, then, this fear of the 'Japanese menace'? Because most of Japan's gains in recent years have been made at English expense. In 1933, for instance, for the first time in history, Japanese cotton-textile exports surpassed those of Great Britain. Furthermore, England since the War has been fighting a gradually losing battle to maintain throughout the world the dominance that Japan now seeks in the Orient. The offer by General Smuts to grant concessions to Germany, followed as it was by Sir John Simon's proposal of a general European security pact, indicates that England is willing to renounce its historic rôle as the arbiter of Europe and to assist the continent in replacing the time-honored balance of power with genuine security and agreement. Whether or not this effort will succeed is, of course, another matter.

In the Far East, however, England is endeavoring to retain her dominance but requires the aid of the United States and is therefore using Japan at the moment as a lever on the American State Department. If the Japanese menace is a real one, so much the better; if, on the other hand, it proves a flash in the pan, at least it will have brought the United States into the English camp.

Russia's position in the world throws further light on the diplomacy of Great Britain. Under Communist as under Tsarist rule, Russia's frontiers skirt England's most treasured colonies and fields of influence—Persia, Afghanistan, India, and China. Furthermore Russian influence is extending in all these quarters. The Turksib Railway has brought the nominally Chinese province of Sin-Kiang into the orbit of Russian trade, and Outer Mongolia has become a Soviet republic, loosely associated with the U. S. S. R. In China proper some hundred million people live under local Soviet rule. England would have no objection if Russia wore itself out fighting Japan for the mastery of Asia; but the United States must be prevented from lending itself, however unwittingly, to Russia's long-range plan of Communizing Asia.

That—as well as the Japanese menace—is what J. L. Garvin of the London *Observer* has in mind when he writes, 'A new understanding is required between the two English-speaking Powers. More absolutely than ever before, the contingency of strife between them is excluded by the stern and growing necessity of things. Too plain is the possible conjunction, or simultaneity, of explosive forces in

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both Asia and Europe.' Not very definite language, to be sure, but it covers a lot of territory.

Including China. Heretofore a relatively passive element in world affairs, this enormous and densely populated area is shaking off the lethargy of centuries. No Western Power has ever succeeded in establishing a strong, central government there as England has in India, and even Japan is hard put to it suppressing banditry in Manchukuo. But a struggle for the control and unification of China goes forward, none the less, between the Communists, who are strongest in the south and the interior, and the Nationalists, who dominate the northern and coastal regions. Marshal Chiang Kai-shek has conducted five unsuccessful campaigns against the Communists since he broke away from his alliance with them in 1927, but the sixth on which he is now engaged seems to be yielding better results. And just as the Russians have provided some assistance to the Communist troops, so the Western Powers, notably the United States, have lent their aid to Chiang Kai-shek.

IV

If England's hostility to Russia throws light on British diplomacy in the Far East, the friendship of the United States for Chiang Kai-shek throws light on American diplomacy in the same quarter. England has large investments in the Far East; it must exchange manufactured goods for raw materials; empty Australia lies uncomfortably close to overcrowded Asia; India borders both Russia and China. We, on the other hand, are withdrawing from the Philippines; what stake, then, do we possess in the Far East sufficient to justify our building a navy second to none?

That stake has not yet assumed tangible form, but the hope exists that some day America's surplus capital and surplus products will find an outlet in China. Our domestic plant is notoriously overbuilt; we have the equipment to make far more mass-produced articles—automobiles, accessories, and radios—than we can possibly consume even if they were given away. True, we lack many necessities, and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. of General Motors wrote an article for the September *Atlantic*, entitled 'The Forward View,' proposing pre-fabricated housing as the way out of the depression. Unfortunately Mr. Sloan did not look quite far enough ahead to visualize what would happen to our savings banks and life-insurance policies if the value of the mortgages on which they rest were destroyed by modern mass-produced houses such as we are technically quite able to build.

Because our surplus capital must emigrate in order to find a profitable field of investment, the Roosevelt Administration is gradually committing itself to a foreign policy that serves the very interests it pretends to oppose. The Navy League—founded by the senior Morgan—endorses the President as a big-navy man, and the new Baruch board is preparing the country to wage more efficient wars. Meanwhile, Messrs. Bingham and Davis have been playing the same rôle in London that Walter Hines Page played twenty years ago. Socially captivated by the British aristocracy, intellectually

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numbed by the sonorous pronouncements of Garvin, Smuts, and MacDonald, they are preparing their country to pull England's chestnuts out of the Far Eastern fire just as it pulled them out of the European fire in 1917.

The Senate Munitions Committee has recently thrown fresh light on that still obscure chapter in American history. On December 14, 1934, it made public a cable sent by Ambassador Page in London to President Wilson the day after the latter's second inauguration, and this is the way Page described the crisis that confronted the French and English Governments at that time: 'The pressure of this approaching crisis, I am certain, has gone beyond the ability of the Morgan financial agency for the British and French Governments . . . It is not improbable that the only way of maintaining our present preëminent position and averting a panic is by declaring war on Germany.' He foresaw a financial collapse, followed by a stoppage of Allied orders in the United States, and reported 'a pressing danger that the Franco-American and Anglo-American exchange will be greatly disturbed; the inevitable consequence will be that orders by all the Allied Governments will be reduced to the lowest possible amount and that transatlantic trade will practically come to an end.

'The result of such a stoppage,' he continued 'will be a panic in the United States . . . We shall soon reach this condition unless we take quick action to prevent it. Great Britain and France must have a credit in the United States that will be large enough to prevent the collapse of world trade and the whole financial structure of Europe.

'If the United States declares war against Germany, the greatest help we could give Great Britain and the Allies would be such a credit. If we should adopt this policy, an excellent plan would be for our Government to make a large investment in a Franco-British loan. Another plan would be to guarantee such a loan. A great advantage would be that all the money would be kept in the United States.

'We could keep on with our trade and increase it till the War ends, and after the War Europe would purchase food and an enormous supply of materials with which to reëquip her peace industries. We should thus reap the profit of an uninterrupted and perhaps an enlarging trade over a number of years, and we should hold their securities in payment.'

How did this prophecy turn out? Americans presided over two reparations conferences, and to-day Germany is refusing to pay interest on the obligations issued in the United States on each occasion although English holders of the Dawes and Young Plan bonds receive payment in full. Furthermore, every Allied country except Finland defaulted on its war-debt payments even before Germany stopped payment on its reparation bonds. Finally, innumerable foreign issues floated by the smaller fry of Wall Street met the same fate. The American Government and the private American bankers have proved equally impotent.

Their failure, however, did not originate in the shortcomings of any individual. As the Page cable clearly shows, the United States committed

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itself seventeen years ago to making a bid for world power. Why? The most charitable answer is that Wilson's New Freedom crowd became so absorbed with domestic reforms that they allowed American foreign and financial policies to fall into the hands of ignorant imperialists and sentimental Anglophiles. And to-day Roosevelt's New Dealers give many indications of making the same mistake under similar circumstances.

The rise of Japan, the civil wars in China, the Gandhi movement in India, the Five-year Plan in Russia leave little doubt concerning the future of the white race in Asia. Fortunately, the continental resources of the United States have up to now prevented this country from becoming as vitally involved in Asiatic affairs as many European nations are. To-day, however, the same two considerations—the one economic, the other snobbish—are tempting us to make a second vain attempt to redress the balance of a world in which we do not live.

On the one hand, the upholders of an economic system that cannot function without a field for exports and foreign investments will insist that the fate of China has become a life-and-death matter to the United States. On the other hand, equally influential circles—indeed, the two circles overlap—attach such importance to their grouse-shooting in Scotland, their attendance at the Grand National, and the presentation of their wives, daughters, sweethearts, sisters, cousins, and aunts at the Court of St. James's that they will insist that American diplomacy should support the diplomacy of the mother country in all parts of the world.

The Anglo-American alliance now in process of formation may founder on any number of reefs and may even, with a change of Government in England, change its orientation. Meanwhile, here are three suggestions that might prevent a repetition of what happened twenty years ago. First, acceptance of Ambassador Saito's offer to enter into an understanding concerning the Philippines, this understanding to be accompanied by a definite declaration promising the islands full independence in ten years' time. Second, an official statement pledging the United States not to resort to force unless its own territories are attacked. Third, immediate revision of the Vinson naval-building programme to meet the changed defense requirements of the country. Or must we fight to make Asia safe for democracy?

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Here are three reports from Hungary, Spain, and Germany indicating that anxiety still permeates the air of Europe.

STRAWS *in the* Wind

A European Symposium

I. The Case against Hungary

By Paul Kéri

Translated from *Europäische Hefte*, Prague German-Émigré Weekly

THE Hungarian Prime Minister answered the accusation of the Little Entente with this declaration: 'The Hungarian Government, representing a nation a thousand years old that has never recognized murder as a means of attaining political purposes, protests against the accusations.'

Julius Gömbös no longer understands the world. What is expected of this Hungarian Government all of a sudden? Was anything else expected of a system that has been ruling by brute force even longer than Italian Fascism has? Has n't it been playing its political rôle in the European concert undisturbed for the past fifteen years in spite of drownings in the Danube and counterfeitings? Was it not because it has always been precisely such a system and not something else—because it proclaimed its robust nationalism in the teeth of its neighboring states—that it has been encouraged and protected by a few of the very Great Powers? Julius Gömbös no longer understands the world.

Let me explain in detail what Gömbös meant by his statement but what he could not say in the language of diplomacy.

This system of government has permitted its organizations to commit between 15,000 and 17,000 political murders since 1919. No sentences were passed. They were murders, regular murders, murders for the at-

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tainment of political ends. The governmental system that knew about these murders and announced them in public described its goal concretely. Its 'patriotic purpose' was the same frenzied support of revision of the peace treaties that was responsible for the Marseille assassinations. Since 1919 most of the murderers have been former officers in the demobilized Imperial Army—the same imperial officers who are to-day pretending to serve the Croats in behalf of the Hapsburgs. They were members of the officers' association known as MOVE, of which the present Prime Minister, Julius Gömbös, used to be the active chairman and of which he is now honorary president.

Among those killed was Bela Somogyi, for instance, editor-in-chief of the Social-Democratic paper *Népszava*, who did not take any part in the civil war and for that reason was put in charge of the paper after 1919. He was murdered simply and solely to promote the 'patriotic' cause of revision, and this murder served as the signal that a frightful revisionist terror had become necessary throughout the country. Somogyi's murderers were officers whose names have never been made public although they are known as members of Julius Gömbös's MOVE organization.

In the autumn of 1921, Schulze and Thyllessen, the murderers of the German Finance Minister Erzberger, fled immediately to the country house of Prime Minister Julius Gömbös, the way having been carefully prepared for them. Here they were hidden and protected for months. Gömbös was then a deputy and still remained chairman of his MOVE.

Then came the counterfeit-franc affair involving high government functionaries and superior officers—a general among them. It came out in court that these men were resorting to such measures in order to further their struggle in behalf of revision. The officers who took part in the counterfeiting were members of the MOVE organization, and Julius Gömbös was its president. There were also innumerable arms-smuggling affairs, all of which were undertaken with a view to the coming war in behalf of revision.

The Stavisky scandal in France embarrassed the Hungarian governmental system—it was a second counterfeit-franc affair. The 'optant' magnates—big landowners, the chief enemies of the nations that had opposed Hungary in the World War, and the chief advocates of revision—did a tremendous amount of business with this super-swindler, whom, it has been proved, they knew to be a crook, and they made uncounted millions defrauding Frenchmen of their savings. One of Stavisky's chief business associates was the man who was then Prime Minister of Hungary—Count Julius Károlyi, the only Hungarian Prime Minister in ten years who gave Hungarian foreign policy a pro-French orientation.

Hungary has done nothing to prevent all this; indeed, these exploits served only to add to its political importance in Europe. After this system of government has been treated as a colleague for years in high political circles, after certain Great Powers have encouraged and supported Hungary precisely because it imposed its aggressive will to power so ruthlessly, is a halt to be called at this juncture? Is such a thing to happen merely be-

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cause this Hungarian system of government still supports and encourages the Marseille assassins? Julius Gömbös no longer understands the world.

II

The high European policy of the national chancelleries openly takes the attitude that the fundamental aspect of the affair must be ignored and that all efforts must be confined to smoothing things over, all the more so because Hungary—unlike certain other European nations such as Germany and Austria—has enjoyed ten years of law and order.

The answer to this is that Hungary's condition is the result of a successful revisionist terror that is preparing for war, and in a few months Hitler's Third Reich will wear the same aspect. Hungarian law and order are based on the principle that the political aim of treaty revision justifies everything, even murder. A few almost ignored episodes throw light on the continued validity of the underlying principle even in this period of 'order.' A seventy-five-year-old priest, Johann Hock, president of the National Council, came home to end his days in a Hungarian monastery. Because he had written a few statements while abroad attacking the provokers of revision and war, he was dragged from the monastery, sick, and thrown into jail in winter. Opponents of revision receive no mercy; they do not get even a trial.

During the same week a young worker died while he was being questioned by some Budapest detectives. He was thrown out the window to make it look like suicide, for such 'suicides' were invented in Hungary, not in Hitler's Germany. They occur rather less frequently in Budapest today because the terror has functioned for fifteen years and only a very few people have the courage to oppose it.

A Czechoslovakian citizen, an editor, believing what he had heard about the orderly condition of Hungary, made a trip to Budapest. He was there on business, working for a Czechoslovakian news agency. He had taken the precaution of seeking the advice of the Hungarian Government and was assured that the news agency he was to work for had such close and friendly dealings with official circles that he could feel quite safe. Then the editor was suddenly arrested in Budapest and disappeared into one of the dreaded military prisons. The charge was that he had been suspected of espionage, but no attempt was made to substantiate it in any way. The editor was held in prison simply because he had edited a Hungarian-language newspaper in Bratislava years ago on Czechoslovakian soil and had permitted articles attacking treaty revision to appear in this Czechoslovakian organ. We repeat, he was a Czechoslovakian citizen, but he was maltreated and beaten so severely in the Budapest military prison that, when his wife was at last allowed to visit him, she did not recognize him. As a wounded war veteran, he suffered from attacks of epilepsy. No charge was made against him, he simply remained in the prison until he died. And this because he had published anti-revisionist articles years before.

I relate these incidents to show that this Hungarian governmental system did not hesitate at the time of the Marseille murders to pursue its political aim of treaty revision by destroy-

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ing the lives of its opponents. Nevertheless, this Government has never carried so much weight in Europe as it does to-day. Why, then, should it be condemned because the Marseille affair carried out its recognized international line? Either Europe tolerates a bold and openly revisionist Hungary and this Hungary must continue to exist even after Marseille, or else the other revisionist murders and the whole revisionist policy must be stopped and punished.

III

The objection will be raised that in a period of Fascism one cannot indulge in the luxury of such logic; people will be happy enough if war can be avoided. In that case I must tell what happened to me in a Budapest prison. It was in 1922, shortly before the 'March on Rome.' A troop of political prisoners, fastened to one another by a long chain, were waiting to be moved from one prison to another. The policeman in charge of the troop made a little speech to us in which he said, 'The whole world will learn from Hungary. What is happening now in Hungary, this system of patriotism and soldierly energy, this strict punishment of traitorous or bad elements, this treatment will spread from Hungary everywhere.'

A shout of laughter greeted these words. It was clear that he was merely repeating what had been drilled into him in the school for non-commissioned officers. But later I often reflected upon what he had said. The fact is that Hungary provided a model. Not only have Italian Fascism and later Hitlerism taken over certain technical details based on Hungarian experience; Hungary was the first country that was able to conduct a successful policy based on terror—terror in behalf of the patriotic aim of treaty revision.

Finnish Fascism came into existence during the War. It was a wartime episode and took place much too far away from the rest of Europe, but Hungary was the origin and model for all of Europe. In the years of the gruesome Hungarian white terror the mighty British Empire was the protective patron of the political clique in Hungary that was directing its efforts against France and the near-by states. And England backed Hungary because the country took a bold and militant position in behalf of treaty revision, and London needed such a Hungary to counterbalance the predominance of France and her allies. The impressive protection that England gave to revisionist Hungary continued until Fascist Italy could take over the task. England then gladly withdrew for the sake of appearances into the background. Fascism and especially its adventurous foreign policy spread rapidly in Europe because Hungary had pursued these methods successfully right up to the present time, up to the assassinations at Marseille and even afterward.

Why does England, for all its gentlemanly morality, have no hesitation in tolerating and even supporting such a governmental system? The answer is that gentlemanly morality does not apply to dealings with non-English people—with 'natives.' But Europe might have said that this revisionism, which was ready for anything, would destroy the peace sooner or later. The trouble was that peo-

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ple underestimated Hungary and regarded it as a small, weak country that could easily be held in check.

Hungarian revisionism was not assessed at its true value. It was treated like the revisionism of other small countries—of Bulgaria, for instance. But Bulgaria needed only to change its foreign policy to stand in well with its neighbors. In Hungary, on the other hand, the entire existing ruling system of a very small social class rests on the threat of revisionism directed against the outer world. This class is not revisionist by choice but by necessity. It can remain in power only if it justifies its dictatorship by continued relentless preparation for war, only if it permeates the whole country with an atmosphere of revision, revenge, and war through terror and propaganda. The oppressed population must be convinced to a man that it can expect improvement of its intolerable situation only through treaty revision. A small class that has to be trained for centuries to dominate the country knows that its position, its very life, depends on continuing the demand for revision. To abandon revision would lead to immediate revolution.

What, then, may we expect from Hungary? War is out of the question. Italy has informed England that it plans to support Hungary 'only by diplomatic means,' and, if a conflict occurred, Hungary could not count on more than the benevolent neutrality of Italy. In such an isolated conflict the defeat of Hungary would be absolute and certain, and Hungary must therefore avoid such a conflict without fail. Yet, such a rash exploit would appeal to the adventurous Gömbös, a member of the general staff, and therefore the clever Bethlen has again assumed power in Hungary. Of course, such a tense situation in high governmental circles could not be revealed to all the world, and therefore Gömbös has remained Prime Minister. But the real power already lies in Bethlen's hands.

Some days ago Bethlen conversed with Gömbös for three hours. Shortly afterward he and his friends were cordially received by the Prime Minister, and the newspapers announced that 'in view of the tense foreign situation complete party unity would be established at home.' Gömbös's demagogic pseudo-democratic plan of electoral reform was dropped because it ran counter to Bethlen's political interests. A friend of Bethlen's, Count Gedeon Ráday, who used to be a close political adviser of Franz-Ferdinand, is being installed as party whip by the Government. Bethlen is also taking charge of all arrangements with the so-called 'Croats' of Vienna who support the Hapsburgs.

Gömbös is the figure-head. The real ruler of Hungary is the farsighted, skillful, and no less determined Bethlen. His platform always used to be the tenacious and unflinching support of the Germanic Powers in Europe. He declared publicly on one occasion that the pre-war triple alliance of Germany, Italy, and Austria-Hungary against France should be reconstituted, and, now that this situation has been created in more tense form than he himself imagined, he will know how to play such an instrument with the skill of a master.

Bethlen has already accompanied Gömbös on one of his 'hunting expeditions' to Vienna. It was a vital matter. Schuschnigg, in order not to irritate France unnecessarily, was ready

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to maintain a cool neutral attitude toward Yugoslavia's complaint. Hungary had to prevent this at all costs, for the countries allied to Italy must remain just as united as the Little Entente. This could not fail to be an important matter to Hungary because it was always possible that the support Italy had promised might involve certain reservations. Also, Italian diplomacy stood to profit if the countries that had signed treaties with Rome stood together as a single bloc.

The Hungarians seem to have gained their ends with Schuschnigg. What was Schuschnigg able to demand in return? Obviously, Hungarian concessions in the Hapsburg matter, which exactly suited the line of Bethlen, the new ruler of Hungary: he always championed legitimist opposition to the anti-Hapsburg Gömbös. Thus Hungarian revisionism flourishes in the shadow of the Hapsburg weed.

Hungary stands before the bar of justice at Geneva armed to the teeth. The chief aim of the step Yugoslavia has taken is to attract the attention of the world to the methods Hungary is using to advance the cause of treaty revision. Would that Yugoslavia succeeds. And what else can be expected of Geneva? Nothing. For Hungary has been and will be eagerly championed by a considerable part of Europe, the part that worships Mussolini apparently on the theory that suicide is preferable to death.

II. The Spanish Insurrection

By Hans Theodor Joël

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, German-Émigré Weekly Published in Prague

[*The author was prevented from sending this article earlier because he was held six weeks in jail. The first draft was written behind bars in Madrid.*—Editor, *the 'Neue Weltbühne.'*]

IT WAS the morning after our arrest. The *calabozo*, the bleak underground jail of the general police department, stank unbearably, and the police, who were wild with excitement, made a deafening noise. One young man began humming, others joined him, and finally dozens of lusty voices were raised singing the *International.* None of the prisoners had ever sung with such intense enthusiasm as they did here in the dark, cold cellar of the police station. The song resounded so loud through the cellar that the Lerroux and Gil Robles guards stood against the walls silent with amazement and did not dare to use their pistol butts or clubs on the singers. The victorious *International.*

Six weeks later in the central prison of Madrid, the famous old *Cárcel Modelo*, two of us German comrades were suddenly informed that we were to be deported. We packed our bundles and hurried down the iron stairway from the third story to the ground floor. The rumor had already spread that we were being sent for, and our fellow prisoners all peered out of their cells as if from a gallery. As we approached the door leading into the central office, the usual socialist cry of '*Salud*' greeted us, and from hundreds of throats on another story the

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words 'Red Front!' resounded three times through the huge building.

That is the attitude of those who were 'defeated' in the last Spanish insurrection. They do not feel that they have been conquered. They know that they have suffered a reverse, but to-day they believe in their ultimate victory more firmly than ever. Already they are preparing for fresh struggles. Without bitterness they speak frankly of the mistakes that were made and that must be avoided next time. They discuss the best method of holding the United Front of the Spanish proletariat that was welded under fire and the best way to attract the support of people who formerly held aloof. The political lessons of the struggle have been digested, and the military and tactical lessons, too. While withdrawing from the final defeat, they succeeded in regrouping themselves for a new attack.

II

On the morning of October 4, the Lerroux Cabinet was founded and included several ministers from Gil Robles's out-and-out Fascist 'Ceda' organization. That gave the sign for the general strike. Late in the evening, the order to strike was spreading through the Madrid trade unions and the nervously expectant workers' quarter. Telegraph messages and couriers carried the same instructions to the provinces. The strike began at about midnight, and by the morning of October 5 all work in the capital had ceased completely. Only the vitally necessary services,—gas, water, and electricity,—which were controlled by the army and run by the soldiers, continued to function. Street cars, automobiles, and subways stood still. Railway traffic struggled against great difficulties but was not completely stopped. In short, Madrid and many of the provinces presented the now familiar picture of a great general strike.

Shooting began on the very first night, but in no part of the capital did the workers take the initiative and launch armed attacks on government buildings or other tactically important spots. It was a different story, however, in the coal mines of Asturias between the Cantabrian mountain range and the Bay of Biscay. There successful attacks were launched on the morning of October 5. The coal mines were occupied, and only laborers were permitted to enter in order to prevent sabotage of national property. Simultaneously, a successful attack was launched on the barracks of the Guardia Civil, the gendarmes, and other police organizations.

Bloody struggles followed. The Guardia Civil is a courageous, very well-trained outfit. In most cases it defended itself desperately. But the dynamite that the miners used with a military technique that gave them complete control of the Asturian population made victory possible. On the evening of the first day's fighting the insurrectionists had captured most of Asturias. The Trubia arms factory, which employs eighteen hundred workers, nearly all of them Communists, and manufactures cannon and rifles, ignored the general strike order since this important arsenal had already been captured from within.

The workers in Asturias belong to one of three political organizations. The Communists predominate in the coalmining district of Mieres, the

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Socialists are strongest in the capital of Oviedo, and the anarchists predominate in Gijón. All three groups fought with bravery and determination. The Socialists made some initial tactical blunders that delayed the capture of Oviedo, which did not fall until eight thousand Red Guards from the coalminers' union in Mieres appeared.

The leadership in the struggle lay for the most part in the hands of the Labor Alliance. The Socialists occupied most of the key positions in this organization, but the Communists exerted an extraordinarily powerful tactical influence and, after a few days of insurrection, leadership passed over almost entirely into Communists' hands. The extent to which the organizational methods of the Third International influenced the whole leadership of the uprising is revealed in almost all the handbills and orders that went out during those days. What chiefly characterized the whole uprising was the powerful will to build up a new state even while the most severe fighting was in progress. Everyone who did not fight had to work. The population must be provided with all necessities. Children had to keep going to school, and therefore the strike held good only where it could be applied as a real weapon in the struggle.

III

When the provisional republic that was set up in Asturias found itself left in the lurch by the rest of Spain after heavy fighting, even the opponents of the insurrectionists were left with the deep impression that these workers understood very well how to erect a new state and that, although they fought desperately, they were as humane as possible under the circumstances and offered a complete contrast to the bestial, criminal colonial soldiery that supported the Government. The workers did not oppress the population, not even the middle classes. They did not commit murder and wholesale destruction but helped all those who suffered from the fighting.

Let me cite one example among thousands. When the grenades and airplane bombs of General Ochoa set fire to the lyceum in Oviedo that was being used as barracks and staff headquarters and there was danger that at any moment the two thousand kilogrammes of dynamite stored there might explode and destroy that whole part of the city, the Red Guards not only warned the middle-class inhabitants of that district but helped them as best they could while the fighting went forward to get their property out of their threatened dwelling places. The Fascist newspapers, however, still maintain that the insurrectionists in Oviedo blew up the city themselves before retreating.

Only the Asturian workers immediately took the offensive. Madrid remained comparatively peaceful. During the night, when the general strike was declared, some twenty thousand workers, most of them Communists or members of Socialist youth organizations, waited in the streets of the city for action to start. Nobody who possessed arms, not even those who were well armed, received any order to attack. In the early morning hours they returned to their houses to rest a little since they expected to go into action the next day. What followed? A very badly planned attempt to capture one

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of the barracks outside the city and occasional snipings at police who were patrolling the streets such as occurred during the first night.

Meanwhile the Government had the soldiers take over the means of transportation. More and more streetcars were run by soldiers and guarded by from three to five armed men. Of course, this did not mean that the strike had failed, but it showed that the Fascists were not going to hand over the state apparatus even in the face of considerable difficulties. Anyone who wanted to gain control of Madrid had to attack the centre of state power by force of arms. This did not happen. The same mistake that had been made in Austria was repeated. The Socialists had provided themselves with weapons, but, in spite of the repeated promptings by the Communists and their own youth organizations, they refused to use them to force the struggle. Victory in the provinces was impossible without victory in Madrid. Even Asturias, in spite of the heroic defense it offered to General Ochoa's army, had to fall because it remained isolated.

During the nights of October 6 and 7 the struggle reached its climax. The strike, including certain passive tactics adopted by the workers, reached its greatest extent. Asturias was in a state of complete insurrection. The struggle for Oviedo was in progress. Skirmishing in Madrid had become widespread, and there was shooting on all the main streets. Then the bourgeois Government of the Catalonian Generalidad decided to proclaim the semi-independent Republic of Catalonia to take the wind out of the sails of an extensive proletarian movement that had already been victorious in Sabadell. Spain was in a state of open civil war. Castile and the other parts of the country that the Lerroux Government still controlled were fighting Catalonia, and at the same time Castile was also torn from within by the struggle between revolution and Fascism.

The leaders of the social insurrection did not want the Catalonian Generalidad to seize control. They mistrusted the petty bourgeoisie of Barcelona, which was thoroughly afraid of the proletarian masses, and they were quite right. The Generalidad, or at any rate its president, Companys, betrayed the revolution and Catalonia, not once but twice. The first time was when Companys distracted the revolutionary masses from their real purpose by proclaiming his own semi-independent Republic of Catalonia. The second time was when he capitulated to the small body of troops commanded by General Batet, which would certainly have been defeated in any well-planned struggle.

When Companys made his cowardly capitulation in the early morning of October 7 the strongest pressure had been removed from the Madrid Government. For Companys handed over not only his semi-autonomous state but millions of Catalonian workers and peasants, whom he had betrayed with his phrases. His capitulation gave fresh enthusiasm to the Government and the Spanish bourgeoisie, who were almost exhausted by the evening of October 6. The psychological influence of the Barcelona betrayal was no small matter.

At the same time that the Government scored this triumph in Catalonia, the Syndicalists also sold out, and their leaders took no part in the

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struggle. To be sure, Syndicalist workers joined the fighting in various parts of the country, especially in Asturias, and showed unexampled courage and often made important victories possible. But the Syndicalist organizations could not be persuaded to join the struggle. In some places their representatives appeared in the ranks of the Government and openly announced their neutrality, especially in such important spots as Huelva and Logroño. In Zaragoza, where a general strike had lasted for thirty-seven days only a few months before, —in Zaragoza, the headquarters of the Syndicalists,—everything remained extremely peaceful, and no strike was declared.

IV

The uprising cost more than five thousand lives, most of which, however, were not the victims of active struggle but fell unarmed before the cudgels and knives of the Foreign Legion and the 'regulars,' the Moroccans. The wounded are estimated at more than seven thousand. Some forty thousand prisoners are suffering unbearable hardships in jails and on shipboard in the harbor of Barcelona.

Anyone who talks to the Spanish proletariat knows that this was not in vain. 'We have fought, and we were beaten; but soon we shall fight again, and then we shall apply all the lessons that we have learned. That means victory.' This is the way the overwhelming majority talk, in fact almost all who are capable of articulate expression, and the surprising thing is how many of these Spanish proletarians possess a capacity for criticism and self-criticism.

What political, strategical, and tactical mistakes occurred? Unity of action between the Communist and Socialist Parties, especially between the youth organizations, was in full swing when the insurrection occurred, but it had not gone far enough to be completely effective. Except in Asturias, the United Front never took the form of a really effective body of fighters. Hence the destructive futility in Madrid and in almost all the other parts of the country during the general strike, hence the incapacity to take the offensive away from the opposing side. The old Social-Democratic theory of spontaneous revolution, not Lenin's doctrine of the necessity of organized uprisings, again came to the fore. The influence of the Social-Democratic circles remained too strong. It was also fatal that the insurrectionists did not succeed in seizing control of the light, water, and gas supplies and that the military element provided these vital services.

Thus the Government could throw its whole strength against the proletariat, which had conquered Asturias, and could shatter the north Spanish Soviets. That the army let itself be used in the civil war also caused surprise. A great many people had reckoned that the army would not shoot on the workers, but breaches of discipline rarely occurred. Of course, we know that certain military leaders promised to lend the support of their troops to the revolutionary movement, but the revolutionary leaders made a mistake in placing too much trust in such promises. They must know that such guarantees made by officers mean nothing and that the only thing worth anything is to gain the support of the proletarian rank and file at the right moment.

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The struggle has shown that the Syndicalist masses in many parts of the country will no longer follow their gravely compromised leaders, who instituted the senseless general strike in Zaragoza and thus gave their old friend Lerroux the excuse to continue conditions of semi-martial law under which he had administered the country. This time, however, the Syndicalist workers in Asturias fought heroically side by side with the Communists and the Socialists. This tendency continues and means that the broader united front that is essential for victory is being created. We may also anticipate that in another struggle the rural proletariat will not hold aloof as it did for the most part on this occasion. The whole organization of the agrarian south was shattered during the big strike last summer, and its leaders now sit in the prisons of Andalusia and Extremadura. It is one of the most important tasks of the Left to build anew here.

III. Germany's Moribund Press

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Conservative Daily

AGAIN two great German newspapers lie on their death beds. At the beginning of 1935 the *Deutsche Zeitung* will cease publication along with the *Deutsche*, which was established by the Catholic trade-union leader, Stegerwald, who worked closely with former Chancellor Brüning. While German business shows signs of preparing for a superficial boom that can contain no sound element since the expenditure of capital reserves on war preparations does not add to income or real wealth, the German newspaper, magazine, and book businesses are passing through a period of decline that is producing really shattering effects.

This condition can be regarded as a purely intellectual manifestation. Although the German chemist, Justus von Liebig, made the paradoxical statement that the cultural level of a nation can be judged by the amount of soap it uses, it would be more just to assert that the culture of a nation stands in exact proportion to the intellectual level of its newspapers and their circulation. For many decades German newspapers maintained a high degree of eminence. Even at the beginning of the nineteenth century the outstanding European statesmen attached great importance to what was printed in the columns of Cotta's *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, and Offenbach's *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein* contained a couplet referring to the commanding position this newspaper occupied in the world. German newspapers were among the best edited anywhere and contained the promptest and most accurate news service. Furthermore, they offered in their political, economic, literary, and scientific sections a wealth of excellent reading matter.

All these former enterprises that were outstanding both from a cultural and a material point of view have fallen into decay. A great many world-renowned German newspapers, the *Vossische Zeitung*, the *Berliner Börsencourier*, and the *Tägliche Rundschau*, journals that had decades and

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in some cases centuries of history behind them, in addition to such journals as the *Neue Badische Landeszeitung*, the *Königsberger Hartungsche Zeitung*, and some of the greatest newspapers in Hamburg have disappeared, while others, such as the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Kölnische Zeitung*, lead a precarious existence, preserving little of their past glory in their present form. Nor are the newspaper fatalities in Germany by any means confined to the now despised democratic and liberal organs. Even those daily papers that were considered national and nationalistic both under the Kaiser and under the Republic and that expressed completely anti-liberal opinions are vanishing. The pan-German organ, *Deutsche Zeitung*, which confined itself chiefly to expressing the point of view of the landowners east of the Elbe, is approaching its end. But more interesting still is the fact that the organ of the German Labor Front, the *Deutsche*, the paper that Stegerwald founded and that has now fallen under the influence of Dr. Ley, has encountered a crisis.

Room was made for the *Deutsche* in the former Rudolf Mosse-Haus in the Jerusalemerstrasse, on the front of which no longer stands the name 'Rudolf Mosse' but the *Deutsche*. The *Berliner Tageblatt*, which was barely tolerated, had to move its offices modestly to the rear of the building. As the crisis on the *Deutsche* indicates, even the hundred-per-cent press organs of the ruling elements cannot maintain themselves although every resource of propaganda is used to keep them going.

Like the *Deutsche*, the *Angriff*, the organ of Propaganda Minister Goebbels, is also vegetating. In order to promote its growth, the chief publishing house of the National-Socialist Party, the Eher Verlag, took it over, but the only publication now in a sound financial condition is the official Party organ, the *Völkische Beobachter*, in behalf of which the entire Party apparatus works. It has a total edition of 336,000, of which 245,000 copies are distributed in north Germany, including Berlin, and 91,000 in south Germany, including Munich.

These figures, of course, signify nothing when compared with the editions that German newspapers used to print. Some of these have disappeared entirely, while others have sunk to half or less than half their former circulation. The leveling process of National Socialism has killed and antagonized the German reading public, millions of whom now refuse to read a paper that provides nothing but slavishly repeated phrases. The pressure that has been exerted on all intellectual manifestations in Germany has even served to discredit the newspapers, magazines, and books that bear the imprint of any German publishing house. Finally, the Government itself has suffered from this very evident manifestation and has been robbed of the most effective medium of spreading propaganda in behalf of its ideas and its opinions. The nation that used to be the most intellectually alert in Europe, that was regarded abroad in Goethe's time as the land of poets and thinkers has to-day sunk into a state of dull, indifferent, apathetic hopelessness.

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This little-known chapter in Pilsudski's career when he offered to help Japan against Russia throws light on the present alleged plans for a Polish-Japanese assault on the Soviet Union.

Pilsudski *in* JAPAN

By RUDOLF HERRNSTADT

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*
Berlin National-Socialist Daily

BEFORE Poland came into existence, fighters for Polish independence distinguished themselves by their willingness to join forces with anybody who opposed the nations that had partitioned their country. As a result of this method of selecting allies, numerous misunderstandings arose, but so did the Polish nation. Pilsudski's domestic opponents used to reproach him with having made temporary alliances of which he took advantage on the theory that his allies had endorsed the Polish revolutionaries. Both parties in these alliances were mistaken and would revert to defending their real interests whenever they had time to do so.

Pilsudski and his legionaries always fought for Poland even when they wanted to give the outer appearance that their activities had some larger aim in view. Historically, the most important episode of this kind occurred when the Polish Legion fraternized with the Central Powers at the beginning of the World War and ended by later ranging itself against the Central Powers. Another episode on a smaller scale occurred in 1904 when Pilsudski let it appear that he was subordinating himself to the aims of Japan, though in reality he was turning Japan's aims to the advantage of Poland. It was not his fault that his plan fell through.

The Polish Socialist Party watched the growing tension between Russia and Japan with the greatest interest and hope. This curious Socialist Party belonged to the Second International, and still does, although it included all the national-revolutionary young intellectuals of the country in addition to some of the proletariat. Pilsudski, who was then one of the leaders of the Polish Socialist Party, never attached much importance to the fact that he

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knew little about Marx but had devoted himself to an intensive study of military science. The result was that, when the Russo-Japanese War offered Poland a chance to intervene against Russia, he and the Polish Socialist Party tried to take advantage of the opening.

The first effort of the Polish Socialist Party to reach an understanding with the Japanese Empire came from the leaders of that Party who were living abroad. They failed to make connections in Vienna and later failed in Paris. But Marquis Hayashi, the Japanese ambassador in London, finally developed a true understanding of the significance of the Polish question. Hayashi and his military attaché, Major Utsonomi, entered into negotiations with Dr. Jodko, the Polish Socialist leader.

On July 8, 1904, Pilsudski arrived in Tokyo accompanied by Tytus Filipowicz, who later became Polish ambassador to Washington. Major Inagaki, former Japanese military representative in London, received them and conducted them at their request and for reasons inherent in the affair to a hotel in the Japanese quarter. On July 12, Inagaki brought his guests to the Japanese general staff where General Muratu heard their basic demands. In the subsequent negotiations Pilsudski offered three forms of assistance—organized diversion of effort, organized revolutionary uprising, and an organized information service. In return he asked from the Japanese guns, munitions, the establishment of a Polish legion, and the raising of the Polish question on an international scale during the peace negotiations.

The services that the Poles offered aroused more enthusiasm among the Japanese general staff than the demands that the Poles made, and the negotiations fell through. It later developed that this failure was due to a dispatch from the Japanese ambassador in London, who informed his Government not to support any Polish political plans because England would not tolerate any fighting on the European continent. After a visit of two weeks Pilsudski took his leave of Tokyo.

In departing, one of the two Japanese who accompanied Pilsudski—and they were Major Inagaki and Mr. Kawakami, who later became the first Japanese Minister to Warsaw—declared that the Japanese Government could not enter into any engagement on the Polish question but that the Japanese army was ready to establish closer connections with the Polish Socialist Party. This contact was actually established. Japanese instructors later gave a special course in Switzerland to Polish revolutionaries, the details of which have not yet been revealed.

II

While the Polish Socialist Party was conducting these negotiations, their local rivals, the Polish National Democrats, were also feeling out Tokyo. Their leader, Roman Dmowski, appeared in Tokyo in the middle of May, 1904, about two months ahead of Pilsudski. He himself later explained that the sole purpose of his journey had been to block the activities of the Polish Socialist Party and thus protect Poland against revolutionary uprisings. Later on, his brief statements were publicly amplified, a

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development that is of particular interest not only on its own account but in relation to the man responsible for it.

His name is James Douglas, a Polonized Anglo-Saxon who is now Polish consul general in Harbin. In 1904 Douglas, a secret member of the Polish Socialist Party, was serving as Tokyo correspondent for the National Democratic *Slowo Polskie*. He was assigned the task of preparing the ground and keeping the Polish Socialist Party informed about Japan and about the activities of the Polish National Democrats. When Dmowski, the National Democratic leader, arrived in Tokyo, he naturally got in touch with Douglas immediately. In a letter dated June 17, 1904, Douglas told the Polish Socialist Party that Dmowski had been in Tokyo since the middle of May and that Yamaza, director of the Political Department in the Foreign Ministry, and General Fukashima, of the general staff, had received him. He also revealed that Dmowski had submitted two memoranda to the Japanese, one of which dealt with conditions in Russia and the other with the Polish question.

The second memorandum Dmowski devoted to the importance of the Polish question, to Russian domestic policy, to the attitude of Poland toward the nations that had partitioned its territory, and to the political parties in Poland. Dmowski also wrote an appeal to Polish soldiers fighting in the Russian army urging them to surrender and let themselves be imprisoned by the Japanese. This appeal was, of course, signed by the Japanese Government.

Douglas lived in the same house with an individual who later came to possess some importance. Koki Hirota, then a fourth-year student of jurisprudence, was assigned to Douglas by the Japanese, who wanted to keep informed of Douglas's activities. As long as Hirota lived with Douglas, he lived at Douglas's expense in accordance with the Pole's desires. To-day he is Japan's Foreign Minister.

After spending a number of months in Tokyo, Dmowski finally returned empty-handed. He wanted less and offered less than Pilsudski. As for Pilsudski, he rightly regarded the Japanese episode, though it did not lead immediately to the complete success he had hoped for, as an undertaking of no small importance.

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The Peiping correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* describes from first-hand experience the condition of Kiangsi Province, stronghold of the Communists, and the aims of Chiang Kai-shek.

KIANGSI Province

By A CORRESPONDENT IN CHINA

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*
Frankfurt National-Socialist Daily

[*Our Peiping correspondent took time off to visit the southern provinces of China. In this despatch he sketches an interesting picture of the province of Kiangsi, which has become especially important because of Chiang Kai-shek's activities there.*—EDITOR *of the 'Frankfurter Zeitung.'*]

IN RECENT years the name of Kiangsi has become better known than those of most provinces in China because it is the seat of the Provisional Chinese Soviet Government and the scene of a war that the Chinese Nationalist Government has been forced to undertake against the Communists for a number of years. These two facts have left a strong imprint on the face of the province, and the visitor at once receives the impression that a special spirit pervades this part of the world.

The landscape of Kiangsi Province presents a picture of the most amazing variety. The majestic Yangtze River, which offers superb views, including a precipitous, rocky island with towering temples, forms its northern boundary. The university city of Pengtse, famous in mediæval China as the home of poets and saints, is still famous because of its situation and because of its prestige as a kind of Chinese Weimar. Then there is the artistically situated war port of Hukow at the mouth of Lake Poyang and the busy trading centre of Kiukiang, with its silhouetted pagodas and temples, which form a background for the liveliest activity. Ocean steamers, river boats, and junks have carried stones here to be worked into brilliant mosaics. The shimmering blue plants, the bright green of the rice fields, and the brown waters of the river blend into pastel tones of unexampled beauty. Lake Poyang, which is almost as large as the entire province of Brandenburg

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and which clothes the old cities on its banks with a morning mist, has become a paradise for thousands of water birds in summer as well as winter and gives the appearance of a natural miracle.

In the interior of the province wide, fertile valleys are broken by steep chains of hills and mountains that rise to enormous heights near the southeastern and southwestern frontiers. In an angle between the Yangtze River and Lake Poyang lies the pearl of the province, the historic Lushan, a solitary mountain 4,500 feet high. The overpowering natural beauties of this mountain have long been renowned throughout China. During the past four centuries China's greatest poets, soldiers, and statesmen have come here, seeking relaxation from worldly activities, and have left behind them for posterity inscriptions on plaques of stone and stone walls.

Huge trees fifteen hundred years old testify to the fact that the most ancient temples in China stand here, while at the modern mountain cure resort of Kuling health seekers gather from many countries. A former president has a summer house here, and Marshal Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei, the head of the executive committee of the Kuomintang, come for short visits to recuperate their powers. Chang Hsueh-liang also lives here, as do various ministers and provincial governors, old statesmen, government officials, soldiers, merchants, professors, and celebrated athletes, who swim in the numberless canyons and waterfalls.

The people who inhabit this variegated province combine with the proverbial Chinese indifference characteristics that distinguish them from the inhabitants of other parts of China. For some of them are open-hearted, pugnacious, and even gay. The people of Kiangsi are expert in many handicrafts, but they are best known for their skill in making porcelain. What chiefly characterizes the province economically, however, is the fact that it is the only part of China able to produce considerably more rice than it needs to feed itself.

II

The numerous factors outlined above are complicating the fate of the province at the present time. Some people with clever heads on their shoulders have taken quick advantage of opportunities for economic speculation; others with dexterous hands have turned to rebellion as a way out of economic oppression. Innumerable mountains form natural fortifications, behind which intoxicating ideas nourish the flames of a revolt that has spread so far as to make any peaceful solution impossible and that has led to the confrontation of force with force as the only way out. Skillful native leaders, the nature of the countryside, and numerous obstacles and defeats have prolonged the war against the Communists for an unexpected length of time and have compelled the National Government to send several hundred thousand troops to this province. The progress of this campaign during the spring and summer months has raised the hopes that a final settlement will at last be reached, especially since only six districts of the province remain in the hands of the rebels, who at one time controlled forty of its sixty-one districts.

As a result of these developments,

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Chiang Kai-shek has had to confine his activities to this province, and it is he who has been responsible for changes that have given the landscape a new character. He not only wants Kiangsi to provide recruits for the Chinese army, he wants to make it a point of crystallization for the renaissance of the whole people. Though battles fought with cold steel have not served his first purpose, his earnest and intelligent personal influence and teaching have accomplished more. Higher officials from all the Chinese provinces gather in the temple at the foot of Lushan for regular lecture courses, which the Marshal often conducts in person and which advocate physical fitness, a strictly disciplined military spirit, and extensive political education in drastic form. Any foreign influences, even those of foreign military advisers, are completely excluded.

What primarily concerns the Marshal is not technical and organizational improvement but the development of a new spirit and a new attitude that will lead to a rebirth of the nation and its people. The New Life movement inaugurated by the Marshal has spread throughout China. But the importance of this movement can be understood best in this province, as elsewhere it amounts to little more than the gesture of applause. Its fundamental idea possesses a luminous simplicity: it demands an obedient attitude toward the state and toward life, which must be expressed in the daily activities of each individual. The results that this programme has accomplished here in Kiangsi are amazing. One sees no strangely dressed people here. The streets and roads are kept in spic-and-span condition. Even the slightest carelessness is not tolerated. An Englishman who used to enjoy appearing publicly in the provincial capital of Nanchang stripped to the waist encountered the displeasure of the police and was ejected from the city. Even in the smallest country stores and inns one finds orderliness, cleanliness, and a polite reception. Bitter war has been declared on opium and overindulgence in other pleasures. The excessive zeal of certain individuals cannot conceal the fact that a new morality and new customs are being developed here.

Not that technique and organization have been ignored. In this province, too, we find a new attitude that bears a predominantly authoritarian, socializing character. Especially interesting in this connection are the new regulations that have been set up in districts that have been captured from the Communists. Coöperative markets for grain, common ownership of draft animals, and similar social measures born of misery are merely the first step. Ultimately a centralized banking system is being planned.

The possibility of establishing a trade monopoly was also considered, and, though this extreme measure was finally turned down, the fact that it was discussed shows the point of view that prevails in the new Government. All these novelties can be traced back to the Marshal himself and to the plans of his secretariat. This inexhaustibly energetic man with all his responsibilities is forming the country, and the results of his strong character will extend even to the most remote provinces.

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Persons and Personages

Jevtič of Yugoslavia

By Waldemar Grimm

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, German-Émigré Weekly Published in Prague

THE last evensong floated out into the night of the Serbian mountains from the tumble-down church with the double cross on it. The candles of the Christmas mass were extinguished. In only one house on the marketplace did a faint gleam linger—the wife of the Serbian district prefect was giving birth to a boy on Christmas Eve.

It was 1886, the fourth year of the restored monarchy in the heart of old Serbia. The songs that little Bogoljub Jevtič learned in school dealt only with the past, with Greater Serbia. Bogoljub, being carefully educated by his father, did not know about much of anything beyond his native mountains. The peasants trusted him completely. His first step into the outer world came when he went to Belgrade University and became a doctor of laws. This aroused his ambition. Jevtič completed his schooling in the University of Zürich and, since that did not teach him enough, continued in the Handelshochschule of Berlin, where he took his second doctor's degree. His fellow countrymen in Berlin regarded him as merely a hard-working man. They did not know how hungrily he devoured his education.

Meanwhile, the pan-Slavic-Greek alliance of the Balkan states against the mortal Turkish enemy, who still stood on Serbian soil, was being concluded. In the north the Austrians were threatening. Every man was needed to participate in the holy war. Jevtič, a patriot, soon took his place in the firing line, first with the Bulgarians against the Turks, then against the Bulgarians to gain more spoils. He was already learning what it meant to belong to a small nation that larger nations treated as a pawn.

Hardly had be begun his diplomatic career under hopeful circumstances than the War intervened. Military service took precedence over diplomatic service. Jevtič, an infantry captain, did not spend his time sitting in comfortable headquarters. Prince Regent Alexander was informed of his bravery. They met on the battlefield, surrounded by the devastating effects of war, and surveyed the shambles that once were Serbia. No one wanted to capitulate as long as even a handful of soldiers could be found to defend the last remnants of the fatherland. This was Jevtič's decisive hour.

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Summoned from the front, he returned to diplomacy as an attaché in the legation at Stockholm. Presently, however, he was needed at home in the Cabinet. The next step was the Serbian legation in London, and during the peace negotiations at Paris, where so many new faces of the new Europe appeared, the overworked and very energetic secretary from the Serbian legation in London was very much in evidence. Benes, the Benjamin of the delegates, held a few important conversations with him, and they became friends, though not intimates.

Onward and upward, from one post to another in many different countries, making the rounds of western Europe with occasional sojourns in Belgrade by way of variety. There was a brief intermezzo as Minister to the neighboring state of Albania under the sharp eyes of his immediate superior. Then he was installed as Minister in complete charge of the important Vienna legation. He did not remain there for even a year, but he saw enough to know who was feeding the flames that made the Croatian kettle of terrorism boil. Jevtič, with his trained eye for Balkan affairs, did not need much cunning to see through the plans that Sarkotič, a recently naturalized Austrian, was engineering against Yugoslavia, aided by former members of the Austrian imperial general staff.

King Alexander, who was often the only firm rock in Belgrade's national earthquakes, needed a conscientious Minister in court, an adviser who would not engage in backstairs intrigues. Jevtič won his trust, and it was not ambition that animated him but a desire to help his King. He was always eager to serve.

Thus he became the closest adviser to the head of the State in a critical period of its life. He recommended that the formerly democratic king turn to dictatorship as the only way to avoid parliamentary battles. The army, which had now climbed into the saddle, ruled with a high hand. General Živkovič, who was set up as strong man by royal decree, is Jevtič's brother-in-law, and together they ruled the country. A new constitution, setting up a constitutional dynasty, was prepared. Yugoslavia reverted to the ranks of the semi-dictatorships. The government party, ordained by God, controlled two-thirds of the seats in Parliament.

OUTSIDE in Europe unrest prevailed, and Yugoslavia needed an experienced man to conduct its foreign affairs. The King, who had long been his own adviser, saw how he could direct his country's foreign policy and named Jevtič Foreign Minister. None of the latter's fundamental beliefs had changed, but he had to bend to the needs of the day. Through a mist of vague hopes a new country was beginning to make its appearance on the distant horizon—a united, southeastern Europe, an independent Power embracing small nations that hitherto had been

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mere objects of intrigues on the part of the Great Powers, a single block that the European balance of power could not ignore, a Little Entente and a Balkan Entente combined, a tremendous stretch of territory extending from Prague to Angora.

Jevtic devoted himself to this idea and carried it forward skillfully. His King and he traveled through the Balkans with their burden of peace. Their motto was 'the Balkans for the Balkan peoples.' Mortal enemies became reconciled. Almost all of them had one enemy—Italy, which was always prepared to spring on them. This brought Yugoslavia and Turkey together, for Turkey feared Italy's expansion in Asia. The old hatred of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria was transformed into real friendship when the Kings of these two countries kissed each other. After Berlin had failed to break into southeastern Europe by way of Austria it tried to make headway in Belgrade. It promised Austrian Carinthia to Yugoslavia while Alfred Rosenberg, that genius of foreign policy, was organizing and financing the central terror organization in Croatia. Was Yugoslavia to be blown up, Dalmatia to fall into the hands of Italy, and Croatia to go to Hungary? All these possibilities existed. If Yugoslavia would cut loose from its allies, break away from the Little Entente, and approve the Austro-German Anschluss, it was to receive a special zone of influence in Carinthia. But neither Alexander nor Jevtič could be brought to this point of view.

With everything breaking down Yugoslavia could not be an exception to the rule. 'A nation of comrades' has become the popular watchword among the peasants. Jevtič, in spite of his diplomatic experience, was brought up in peasant surroundings and is the protector of the peasants. It is peasant support on which his power rests, and he is a successful Foreign Minister. Whose authority and popularity can be compared to his? In Belgrade the insiders whispered that there would presently be a new military government with Jevtič at its head, for he is not an active military man but a kind of a general in a frock coat, and then the national word 'comrades' would come into existence.

This was no empty rumor. The Marseille assassination eliminated the king but not the plan. For the moment Jevtič must be content with preventing anyone else from getting ahead of him. He must still adapt himself to the result of the Geneva inquiry into Alexander's assassination though it may destroy his popularity at home and ruin his career. As an inhabitant of old Serbia to whom Austria's ultimatum of 1914 still serves as a stimulating example, he accepted the resolution in the interests of peace.

Will he have to resign? After such a career how can a man of forty-eight years, whom all Europe wishes well because of the way he accepted the decision at Geneva, be brushed aside and stood in a corner? Yugo-

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slavia will use him. There are not many men with the courage to revive national life in a country that has hitherto been subject to strict authority. Yugoslavia needs Jevtič.

Colonel de la Rocque

By Gaston Bergery

Translated from the *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Political and Literary Weekly

First, a few pages that will appear in the *Who's Who* of 1954:—

'De la Rocque, born 1886 (approximately), in Auvergne. Son of a general of marine artillery. Graduated from Saint-Cyr in 1907. Served in North Africa (Syria and Morocco) until 1916—a total of nine years in Africa. Seriously wounded in Morocco in 1916. Voluntarily transferred to an infantry regiment as captain on the French front. Became an officer on the general staff close to Foch in 1919, after the War. Member of the military mission to Poland from 1921 to 1923. Head of the second bureau in Morocco during the Abd-el-Krim affair. Again attached to Foch's general staff from 1926 to 1928. Released from the army to engage in industrial affairs. Finally "general president" of the Croix de Feu. Eleven citations. Five children.'

Perhaps some people will find these details too dry, but to me they possess great value. One must know how to read dictionaries. Here we encounter a soldier and, if all these details are exact and I have no reason to believe the contrary, a real soldier. I mean by this a soldier who entered an infantry regiment on the French front although he had been seriously wounded in Morocco. Ex-infantrymen will understand.

But only a soldier. Except for a brief experience in business, he could never have gained any understanding of the world outside the army. De la Rocque's 'deportment' confirms his biography. Physically, there is nothing remarkable about him. A man of medium height with brown hair, a standard passport-photograph type. But his face has that tan peculiar to colonials and certain boxers. The sun of Africa and uppercuts often produce similar effects. He prefers to wear a coat, which to the soldier is the essence of the civilian, and of course he buttons it. Nothing about him is unbuttoned.

Everyone who has met him agrees on one point: he has a kind of simple cordiality but no capacity for give-and-take. His is the cordiality of an officer on leave. Thus, everything fits the picture of a soldier and nothing more. I say this without any stupid dislike, because as an anti-militarist I go in for a special form of anti-militarism.

I believe that there are officers, especially in the African troops, who

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work and die for what they consider their duty. If I had to offend the nationalists after having offended everybody else, I should say that I consider these officers model functionaries. By that I mean that they are the type of man who works for the community and for something else besides money. Psychologically, this is an attribute of monks and also of politicians as I conceive they should be. I have just one regret, just one reproach to make, which is that this army is in the service of capital while believing itself in the service of the nation. But that is another story.

De la Rocque is a 'character.' No doubt about it. But I must at once add that, the fewer misgivings and ideas a man has, the easier it is for him to be a character. Everyone who has approached de la Rocque has received the impression that doubt is something he knows nothing about. Some humorist once said to me, 'When I was small, I believed in Santa Claus and many other things. One fine day I understood that Santa Claus did not exist, and at once I began doubting everything else. De la Rocque either still believes in Santa Claus, or else his faculty for revising human values stopped at that point.'

Just as de la Rocque respects the most traditional moral values, so he is instinctively on guard to protect the most official social values. Completely ignorant of politics, he addresses himself to MM. Jacques Bardoux and Joseph Barthélemy, no doubt asking them in the words of Marshal Foch, 'See here, what's up?' And I find it easy to imagine that, if he wanted to be posted on the French language, he would ask to be presented to the 'president' of the French Academy. But where the parliament is concerned there is hardly anything that he does not feel called upon to destroy, though with some precautions.

Here is the whole essential history of the Croix de Feu movement. It is a new illustration of the old conflict between character and intelligence, between action and thought. To say that de la Rocque has no platform has become banal. From all sides it is reported that he has no use for that 'insupportable question.' To Philippe Boegner he replied, 'Above all, do not ask if I have a programme. All programmes are matters of hair-splitting. We have had enough doctrines and ready-made ideas.' Fine, but what would you say, Colonel, to a doctrine that was far from ready-made but was supple and adapted to the march of history? And, if you do not like ready-made ideas, how do you expect to get one made to measure?

Henry Malherbe, the second-rate author of an apologetic book about de la Rocque, goes further. To justify the right of not thinking at all, he quotes Pope:—

> For forms of government let fools contest;
> Whate'er is best administer'd is best.

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Here we encounter something really terrible. God preserve de la Rocque from his friends when they want to supply him with the doctrine that he lacks.

I must confess that I have made an immense effort not to be unjust toward my adversary. I have read thoroughly everything published by de la Rocque and his movement in the hope of discovering some political direction, and I emerge wearied by my excursion through an empty territory. It is better not to dwell too cruelly on the 'programme' and on the 'synthesis in the form of a programme' published by the *Flambeau* in 1931 and 1932. In respect to social policy, for instance, the conclusion is reached that 'there will be able to be developed without the onerous intervention of the state, which is always slow to assimilate an idea, philanthropic works, the lofty technical inspection of which should be its sole duty.' As for foreign policy, here are some final phrases: 'Let us courageously work in the direction of human fraternization, but let us beware of all enterprises that are too ambitious, too abstract, too hasty, or not sufficiently prepared. France is impelled toward new destinies. When and through whom and how will the light reach it? What events, what men will be able to reveal the light of the stars and then the light of day?'

If that does n't give you information, you are a difficult person.

BUT let us not be cruel. The evidence leads us to believe that these slipshod phrases were brought forth only to provide some kind of answer to the 'insupportable question' to which I have alluded. These texts mean, 'You absolutely insist on something resembling a programme? Well, here it is, and now leave us alone.' I therefore abandoned these pseudo-programmes and said to myself that a programme could be pieced together from scattered texts, and I fell back on all the leading editorials that de la Rocque wrote. Let us forget what he had to say about specific events, the payment of the American debt and revision of the constitution, though we might note in passing that in an article in the *Revue des Vivants* de la Rocque shows the danger of turning to Versailles. 'Nothing commands us to have recourse to a national assembly in the midst of a crisis of disaster and reorganization.' This was written on May 1, 1934, and makes the support that he gave to Doumergue six months later seem a little comical, but never mind. Let us also forget the interminable discussion about wise tactics. Everything must be prepared, nothing can be improvised, long-range plans must be drawn up, and so forth, and so on.

Finally, let us forget all that incredible pathos. 'Our initial intervention will consist of imposing a general reorganization on the basis of the present institutions. From this point of departure we shall advance

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toward improvements that will be carefully worked out, boldly conceived, and that will correspond to the aspirations of the national majority.' Here is another passage: 'We shall consecrate our last years of creative vigor to reconstructing the French edifice on the traditional ground inherited from our fathers, facing the brilliant and generous sun of the national and human future.' Really, we find ourselves confronted with a soldierly literature and eloquence worthy of the Comité des Forges at its best. It seems hardly worthwhile changing groups.

The unfortunate thing is that when we have passed over all this, there is almost nothing left, or, to be exact, there are only two things left.

First, there is an appeal to 'the nobility of fire' group, to the new aristocracy made up of ex-servicemen and their sons. They possess some value from the tactical point of view, for the men receive the impression that they belong to an aristocracy, and this has an undoubted psychological effect. But it all rests on the idea that the ex-servicemen, or rather the ex-servicemen who have been decorated, constitute an aristocracy, and, being myself a decorated ex-serviceman, I am able to announce that such a conception is false.

The ex-servicemen were martyrs, but most of them were involuntary martyrs. I affirm that if my comrades in the 117th infantry had been offered posts behind the lines in September, 1916, nine-tenths of them would have accepted enthusiastically, and these include the men who were covered with decorations before and afterward. This is perhaps a terrible thing to say, but who fears the truth? I felt a breath of fresh air when I read yesterday in the newspapers a sentence attributed to General Maurin. 'The trooper's morale is the hope that he will survive.' What a contrast from the academic tone. How much more human, true, and courageous.

The second element in de la Rocque's programme is that it defines his 'frontiers' in two sentences. 'Faithfully attached to tradition, I believe, nevertheless, that progress is toward the Left,' and, 'Our frontiers are, on the Right, monarchism, and on the Left, the Red flag.' Thus certain people are rid of any responsibility to think further. But anyone who reflects for a few moments receives the impression of having read this somewhere before. Indeed, it is fundamentally the same watchword that the Radical Socialists launched twenty years ago—'Neither reaction nor revolution.'

Thus we terminate an analysis or painful dissection, the analysis and dissection of nothing whatever. No doubt de la Rocque and his friends have no difficulty in ignoring what divides the French. They do not even perceive any problems capable of dividing the people. Once again an analogy born of antithesis comes to my mind. The theme of 'character first,' on which de la Rocque harps, which is repeated by men without

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any ideas, by political and economic illiterates, seems to me the exact equivalent of the demand for 'a programme first' that Radical congresses repeat tirelessly when there is no man of character to apply any programme.

Behind this poverty lies a great danger because no attempt is made to instruct the middle classes. They are not allowed to touch the real problems that are dividing France into thirty-eight million exploited people and two million exploiters. Instead, the exploiters and exploited are invited to collaborate fraternally by getting used to accepting military discipline and drill. Consciously or unconsciously, everything possible is being done to prepare them to accept Fascism on the day that the present régime will admit that it is definitely condemned. When that day arrives, de la Rocque will undoubtedly say, 'I did not want this.' But he will have prepared it.

Conversation with Pirandello

By André Rousseaux

Translated from *Candide*, Paris Topical Weekly

It is no sinecure to win the Nobel Prize. A round of receptions at once begins, and one must spend hours submitting to the assaults of praise and admiration. Pirandello lends himself to all this with untiring courtesy. Last week he shook hundreds of unknown hands as if he had taken as much pleasure in seeing the people whose names were announced pass by as they took pride in being presented to him. Must the generous Pirandello add a quarter of an hour to all the other minutes that he has sacrificed to Parisian hospitality? When I asked him for an interview I almost hoped for his sake that he would refuse. But he agreed, and when I arrived I had but one idea: not to bore him too much and, if possible, to ask him questions that he would enjoy answering.

One theme he likes is to disavow Pirandellism. 'I believe that you do not have much use for the philosophic and æsthetic system that certain people have derived from your work and the tendencies that they have discovered there?'

I touched the right spot. The author of *Henry IV* smiled at me gratefully and replied, 'Pirandellism is not Pirandello. Pirandello is a man who does his work to the best of his limited abilities. But a work of art is not a system. Art is something very special and very concrete. People who erect a system and label it with a word ending in "ism" fall into abstractions. They produce more or less of a caricature.'

'You cannot deny, however, that your works have provided the point

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of departure for systems that you disown and that these systems are most original and characteristic.'

'Certainly, but it is the reader who makes the book.'

'Ah, there is an instance of the purest Pirandellism.'

'Call it rather a very ancient truth. The work of art is born once only for all eternity, but it remains alone in this eternity, and every spectator—I use the word in the larger sense, as a man who looks at a picture or a statue as well as at a play—gives the work of art new and different life. The *quattrocento* did not understand Dante as we understand him. It interpreted him in its own way, and each successive century has done the same. But his work remains in absolute solitude. You know what Goethe replied when he was asked to explain the second part of *Faust*. He said, "I don't know. Two of us created it, God and I. Now God has left, and I know nothing." '

'You are quite right. When we admire the Parthenon or Notre-Dame, we do not see them with the same eyes that the people of antiquity and of the Middle Ages did, and, when we come in contact with the theatre, to return to your own work, this form of art is subject to a double mobility—one on the part of the spectator, as is true of all the other arts, and another on the part of the actor. You have seen your plays acted in every country in the world, have you not?'

'Not quite all. But in many of them.'

'But have your experiences with international dramatic art led you to draw some comparisons between the changes that your plays have undergone and the characters of the countries in which they were performed?'

'No, the few observations that I have made run contrary to certain prejudices. It is in the far north, in Sweden, that my theatre has been subject to the most heated interpretation, and it was an Italian actor who gave certain rôles the frigidity that they demand. I have also received the impression that the play was no longer mine.'

'How about the interpretation Paris gives?'

'Paris is a great show window for all the world. I am very grateful for the acclaim it has given me for many long years. I shall return at the end of December after my trip to Stockholm. The Pitoëffs will be playing one of my plays, and I shall probably remain in Paris some time. I find it a very good place to work.'

'What work are you projecting? A new play?'

'I should like to write a novel. The subject that I am thinking about demands a novel.'

'The form of any work is dictated by its content.'

'Always. What should go into a novel is not destined for the theatre, and vice versa.'

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'How about short stories? You have written a great many.'

'Three hundred and sixty-five, one for every day in the year. The short story is closer to the theatre than the novel is because it has a synthetic form. Remember all Shakespeare's plays that were drawn from Italian short stories.'

'How about the cinema? Since you have brought so many profound novelties to the art of the drama, how does it happen that you have hardly ever appeared in the cinema?'

'But my plays have been filmed. Greta Garbo herself has interpreted one of them very well. Only the film that was based on one of my plays imitated the theatre too closely as most films do. The cinema is too often merely a bad copy of the theatre. It ought to do something quite different. One could create prodigious things if one remembered that the cinema is an art that has its own possibilities like all the arts. But I have hardly ever seen a film that satisfied me.'

'What kind of film would satisfy you?'

'I believe that music is the element suited to the cinema. It is not literature, for the cinema makes that banal. The great mistake is to produce so many literary works that have been adapted to the screen. The cinema should suggest. That is why I see it as being so close to music. If I should meet a director who understood this idea, I should like to bring Beethoven's symphonies to the screen—the *Eroica*, and the *Pastorale*, and all the rest. There would be nothing forced about it, and I should do it quite naturally. I do it for myself involuntarily when I hear music, for I am invaded by visions. When the *Eroica* is played, I always see marching troops go by.

'That is why it seems to me that the cinema might become the visual language of music. Not to mention the possibility that the cinema would again become universal as it was in the silent days.'

'We have not reached that point. The cinema is subject to the mob, which is always particularist. The universal, on the other hand, is the domain of a small number of people like yourself.'

'Let us simply say that I have a horror of being enclosed by customs. As soon as I see them lay hold on me I break them. That is why I have traveled so much and traversed two continents. Not only have I traveled, but I have settled in certain countries—in Germany, France, and England.'

'You have traversed the world, a world that seems at such loose ends to-day. Where do you think it is going?'

'One cannot prophesy. The world is in the hands of God.'

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A French critic who knew the late A. R. Orage well writes a frank and sympathetic essay giving him a high place among the interpreters of his own time.

Alfred Richard ORAGE

By Denis Saurat

From *Life and Letters*
London Literary Monthly

ORAGE was a great man who never succeeded in expressing himself, either in life or in letters. He never succeeded because he never came to a clear understanding of himself—that is to say, he never came to a clear understanding of what he wanted.

This was shown in two ways: in his life, which he spent in looking for a master who could make the world clear and desirable; in his writings, in which he struggled perpetually after a certain kind of prose, which he never wrote. That he was a great man in himself was felt and is known by all who approached him; therefore his intimate friends alone really possessed Orage. The loss is theirs much more than the public's: his mind did fulfill itself in conversation, and he had often expressed the wish that some record of his conversations could be kept. For it was one of the traits of his greatness that he fully realized his failure, while realizing also his potential greatness. So that I feel I am writing this of him with his full approval.

Of Orage, the man, much has been written already, for many loved him. To my mind, his chief trait was an unexampled generosity of heart and mind. I have never known him to be bitter in his soul—he was a man who tempted many into betraying him; and also many more played him false on their own initiative—but he found good things to say even of those who had betrayed him. He could be just and fierce in denunciation; but in everyone he found there was some good, and he deliberately brought the good forward. One sentence of his, which I think pictures him, has stuck in my mind; defending men generally against a feminist attack, he said that men also have their good points and that, for instance: 'They do not visit

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the irresponsibility of women with the seriousness of hatred.'

But I think he visited nothing with the seriousness of hatred. There was no hatred in him. In intellect also he was entirely generous: he discovered pearls among the swine everywhere and rescued the pearls even from within the bowels of the swine. I used to tease him on this and maintain that this explained his love of eastern literature.

He tried several masters; in fact, he never quite gave one of them up once tried. He was inclined to take his old master with him as a fellow pupil to his new master. His first attempt was with Nietzsche; but Orage was too like Nietzsche to be a good Nietzschean. He really felt sympathy and esteem for all the people whom his philosophy theoretically damned; as Nietzsche himself, he was at bottom a good Christian, in love with the gentle and delicate values rather than with the brutal virtues. So Orage just kept a Nietzschean veneer all his life and next betook himself to theosophy and the pretended East, from which he never quite came back—to Buddhism, the very opposite of Nietzsche.

Here again, the margin between men (and women) and theories grew too wide for him: he fell into the gap. He once told me, much later, about 1921, that there had been two kinds of theosophy—a higher kind, which his friend G. R. S. Mead and himself knew of, and another kind. This time, keeping Nietzsche and the Buddha with him, he went into socialism and then guild socialism, and that ended in Major Douglas and credit reform. That he had kept Nietzsche and the Buddha with him was apparent when he told me, again about 1921: 'Economics is the work of servants. You know how servants can waste the substance of a house; well, now I am going down into the kitchen to give the servants a good rowing. Once our house is in order we can attend to the higher things.' So this was guild socialism first and then Major Douglas.

But Nietzsche and the Buddha did not like the servants or the rowing; the higher things refused to wait. Gourdyev came and took away Orage in 1922. Gourdyev was Nietzsche plus the Buddha. His theory of immortality was that only a few men possess a germ of an immortal soul and that even those few need the help of a master to educate the germ and acquire a really immortal soul: Nietzsche's supermen trained by the Buddha. This had a queer and powerful appeal for Orage. Strangely enough, not for the usual reason: he did not automatically grant himself an immortal soul and refuse everyone else one. He was in great doubt about his own immortality, and he felt that Gourdyev had the power of helping him. Orage put all his great capacity for propaganda at Gourdyev's service, and years of his life and much of his strength went into that service, for Gourdyev was a hard taskmaster. And in the end Orage failed even as he had failed with Nietzsche or Annie Besant.

Gourdyev incarnated for Orage the appeal of the East, which had always been one of the leitmotifs in Orage's life. The *Mahabharata* was his ocean of song and of belief. At one time he nearly printed the whole 200,000 lines of it in the *New Age* for free distribution to all his readers. But the money could not be found. He looked to the East for a new renascence of Europe

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and tried to believe that the impact of Oriental thought and literature on us would produce results comparable to the results in the centuries when Greece was rediscovered in the West.

II

A specimen of what he was looking for has been given us in his essay on *Love*, which is, I suppose, the most finished piece of writing and thinking he has left us. The critics do not seem to have noticed its publication two years ago, but I can bear witness that young men and women have come to me not knowing that I knew Orage and have asked me about that little book, which they treasured. So perhaps Orage will live on in that essay. This essay on *Love* is announced as 'freely adapted from the Tibetan.' But it was very freely adapted indeed; it is difficult to know from what sort of Tibetan it had been adapted. In fact, it gave expression, with a vaguely Oriental twist, to ideas that Orage had cherished and developed throughout his life. It is true, however, that the East did help him to overcome his own English limitations (as he thought) about love—though he believed also that the English have a genius for love beyond that of any other people. He especially counted the French as being very ignorant in matters of love. I always modestly agreed with him on this. Not only had the East helped him; Gourdyev also had helped him; but perhaps also, for all he knew, that beautiful French *forêt de Fontainebleau*. Gourdyev himself—and at a time when he had hardly ever spoken with Orage—expressed to me what was in Orage's mind, and this explains, I think, the hold of Gourdyev over Orage. Gourdyev said that, having mastered all that the East had to say, he had now come to Europe to master the techniques of the West so as to put at the service of the intuitions of the East the historical and scientific methods of the West and thus achieve a synthesis that is indispensable to mankind. This was what Orage felt Gourdyev was here to do, and Orage wanted to be the man of the West that would meet this eastern spirit and collaborate so as to bring about the great fusion.

For behind this was the idea that the East, as such, had failed and that only when taken up by the West can the eastern intuitions prevail. Just as the West, with its techniques, can achieve nothing until it becomes a servant to eastern intuitions, of which Christianity is but one. As to the present state of the East, Orage was on the whole pessimistic. He told me that he knew that in China some great minds existed to-day, but he did not think that there were any in India. In fact, he emphatically denied the existence of great men in India to-day.

These considerations, I believe, set in their true light the relations between Orage and Gourdyev, which have been misunderstood and which are one of the most interesting episodes in the history of recent thought. I had tried the Nietzschean tactics on Orage and attempted to convince him that he had gone to Fontainebleau not to follow Gourdyev but to overcome Gourdyev. But that did not work: to the end, Gourdyev remained the Master for Orage, a master whom he had failed to serve properly and who, therefore, had not given him his reward.

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Hence Orage's return from the American battlefield; hence the *New English Weekly* and Major Douglas—a comrade in arms this time and not a hard taskmaster, a man who would come to the kitchen and row the servants alongside of Orage and with a bigger voice. Thus Orage died, having rowed the servants of the world over the wireless a few hours before his death.

A series of failures? No, Orage's life was not a failure but a series of adventures. The past never weighed on Orage. He had a soul open to the future, and a new adventure was always beginning. Orage lived a life of keen excitement and pleasure, more adventurous than that of any discoverer. At the time of his death, he was cherishing yet another, yet a finer dream, in which another trend in his life came to fruition also.

III

Alongside of this problem of thought, which led him into such adventures, he cultivated a problem of expression. The literary man in him ran parallel to the religious man.

He felt he was one of the great critics. In his own inmost mind, he looked upon himself as the critic, the greatest critic there had ever been. It was difficult to be with him long and intimately without being infected by this belief in himself, which was carefully kept hidden but which could be detected in his tone and expressions. Besides which, he once said to me, walking in Chancery Lane (it must have been in 1920 or 1921):—

'Literary criticism is as much of a science as mathematics, only it is much more complicated. The elements that go to the making of a literary formula are infinitely more delicate and difficult to appreciate properly. People do not understand this simply because they are ignorant. They think you can have this or that opinion of a book, that the opinion legitimately varies from one judge to the other, according to the judge's temperament. That is nonsense. A book has a value that can be assessed scientifically if you have the necessary knowledge and power of judging. I feel, more than that, I *know* that I can place a book or a poem where it belongs to a hair's breadth without any possibility of controversy. But the ignorant will not accept my judgment because they do not possess the necessary knowledge.'

He enlarged on this:—

'You, as a Frenchman, have no idea how ignorant present-day English literary critics are. They know present literary production very well and, within that boundary, can judge of the works, relatively to each other, fairly accurately. They know works that have been published within their own lifetime also fairly well, say, during the last ten or twenty years. Beyond that they know very little. For instance, as a rule, they have not even read Meredith. When it comes to the great masterpieces of English literature, they know nothing at all; as a rule, have not even read them. And then, beyond that, there are the other literatures—French, Russian. How can you judge a novel if you do not know the Russian and the French novelists? And then, beyond that again, there is antiquity; and then, the East . . . This means that our critics can only judge of present-day works by comparing them to one

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another. They have no standards; they cannot compare to-day's work with yesterday's or with foreign work. They cannot be competent critics. They cannot even be competent journalists: a journalist's business is to know what is happening in China as well as here. They know nothing. They are frauds who thrive on ephemeral literature and are doomed to disappear with it.'

IV

He often said to me (and, I suppose, to whomever would hear) that his highest ambition was to write English prose with a French accent. He felt that the development of English prose had reached a critical period. He felt that after Swift the English had forgotten how to write their own language in prose. Proud as he was of the English achievement in poetry, which he set far above any other poetical achievement in the world, he coveted for England also the glory of great prose, of greater prose than England yet possesses. He felt that both Meredith and Hardy needed rewriting. He envied France her prose writers, and I think that, preposterously, this was at the source of his political opposition to France. For he felt that a nation does not triumph in art unless it triumphs in politics; he wanted France to be subservient to England in politics, not that he cared so much about politics but because he felt that in that mood of superiority and triumph England would then take also the artistic crown from France. This he cared about supremely.

Possibly all this was because he did not really understand French, or the French, or French literature at all. In all our discussions I always came up against the blank fact that he judged French literature always in relationship to English work. I do not think he could even read French properly. But he had that high dream of France that all English intellectuals cherish; he credited the French with every literary virtue that he felt he did not possess. He was entirely English.

In fact, had he known French properly, he would probably have solved his problem of expression. Not that any imitation of the French will ever help the English, but a clear knowledge of what the French have done may help the English to do something else that has to be done yet in English.

He felt vaguely that this had been done by Swift, but he could not place Swift properly as he somehow connected Swift with French prose. Only he thought Swift better than anything the French had done. In this muddle he was himself an illustration of his own theory that what is mostly necessary is knowledge, for Swift is not French at all or like the French. But as Orage put French prose above all prose that he knew, except Swift, he somehow put Swift into the category of French prose. What he really liked of Swift was the polemical writings. He felt there the presence of a master that he could follow. Swift really cared but little about the art of writing for its own sake, and in that he was most un-French; he happened to write the best kind of English prose and to use it as an instrument for political purposes. So Orage felt, in the days when now and then he despaired of literature, that he also, like Swift, would put his best prose in polemical writing, in comments on

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politics and economics, in those 'Notes of the Week' in the *New Age*, which, at other times, he looked upon as 'rowing the servants.'

Anyway, here also Orage partly failed. Occasionally only did he achieve an expression or construct a sentence with which he was pleased, oftener orally than in writing. And yet again, although he fell short of achievement, his writing was not lost and is not yet lost. Orage had the finest critical temperament probably of our period, with the reservation that he could judge well only of English things. His ignorance of other languages and cultures led him to amazing statements about foreign literatures and particularly about the books of the East, where literary standards are quite different from ours—and his.

V

One of the last passages between us illustrates many points of his temperament and, I think, gives an insight into the state of his mind at the end. I published in November, 1933, in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, an account of my visit to Orage and Gourdyev at Fontainebleau during the month of February, 1923. In this, using the French present tense for a narrative in the past, as is often done in French, I wrote:

'*Mais Orage a vendu le* New Age *et il est à Fontainebleau. La littérature n'intéresse plus Orage.*'

Someone, with evil intention, I suspect, went and put under his eyes this sentence, '*La littérature n'intéresse plus Orage*,' which in the context merely means that in the month of February, 1923, Orage was overwhelmed by preoccupations of a non-literary nature. Orage was very angry and accused me of having written that he had given up literature. My dissertations on the use of the present tense in French prose for narrative purposes failed entirely to convince or to pacify him. He obviously thought that I was quibbling, and he kept repeating: 'But you wrote that literature no longer interests me.' I was delighted by the violence of his reaction, which revealed his passionate attachment to literature. So we agreed to draw up together a statement about his history since 1923 and about his present state of mind. He professed himself satisfied with this, which was accordingly published in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* for June, 1933. I translate the chief points of the statement:—

'Gourdyev had said, talking of Orage: he who comes to me a medical man will go away a better medical man; he who comes to me a writer will go away a better writer. After ten years Orage is still of the opinion that Gourdyev spoke the truth. Some time after my visit to Fontainebleau, Orage went to America to spread Gourdyev's ideas. After a failure in Chicago, due to Gourdyev's untimely interference (on this I have evidence from Chicago friends), Orage founded in New York groups of occultist studies. He also created, on his own account, groups for literary studies. This worked satisfactorily for several years (and Orage's influence on literary America could be investigated with interesting results). Then Gourdyev insisted on coming to New York. His authority and his personality generally proved unbearable to the American students, and the groups rapidly disintegrated. Orage gave it up and came back to London,

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where he founded the *New English Weekly* . . . He remained, and remains, on friendly terms with Gourdyev.

'Orage is much preoccupied with matters of international politics and credit reform but has nevertheless kept true to great literary plans. He insists that the Gourdyev experience has made of him a better writer. As he sees it now, literature can be divided into three zones: the journalistic, which deals with things of the day; the artistic, books that last; and the zone of scripture, great inspired works. Orage's ambition is to construct an *Art poétique* of inspiration, to teach mankind how to write, or to gather together, scripture.'.

Such was Orage's last dream, in which all he knew of literature was at last to be welded together with all he knew of religion. I saw him for the last time on September 12, at the First Avenue Hotel. He gathered together Æ., Ruth Pitter, my wife, and myself for a lunch of welcome to a great Provençal poet and his wife, the Peyres, who had come from their Mediterranean haunts. Orage had been the first to discover Peyre; even in 1920 Orage had published English poems of Peyre in the *New Age*, just as Orage had been the first to discover Ruth Pitter, even earlier. This was a father gathering some of his children round him, with Æ., I suppose, as the benevolent uncle and myself as the representative of the outside world, the unknown guest without whom a gathering is not complete, for, as we parted, Orage, in great spirits, said to my wife: 'I have much to say to your husband, but at present he is not yet ready to bear it.' Well, he will never tell me, but I think I can guess. In self-protection, I wish, therefore, to support Æ.'s idea of what should be done, as Æ. expounded it in the *New English Weekly* after Orage's death.

Scattered through the files of the old *New Age*, especially between the years 1912 and 1922, are a mass of critical essays from which one of the best books of literary criticism in the English language could be compiled. Two volumes of selections already exist, but they are not well done. The pieces were selected, I suppose, by Orage himself at some period when some bias or other prevented his mind from recognizing his own best work. A frequent thing, even with great minds. A properly competent literary craftsman, a man not likely to be influenced by any of Orage's own prejudices, ought to be commissioned to select and publish a volume of critical essays by Orage. English literature can little afford to allow such a mind to go into oblivion. He had many friends; it is the duty of his friends whom he helped so often, so selflessly, and so much to help him now that he is helpless and to do for him what he could not do himself: to gather and present to posterity the best of him.

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Here are first-hand reports from underground Germany by an exiled novelist, from the wilds of Mongolia by a pair of Russian visitors, and from the villages of France by a native son.

VOICES *from* Afar

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. STORM TROOPER, 1935

By WALTER SCHÖNSTEDT

HIS father was a metal worker who was blown into so many little bits by a grenade in Flanders in 1916 that they could not be collected and buried in a grave. All he could remember was a great dark beard that hung over his face long ago, when his father had to go away with a gun on his shoulder and take leave of his son.

Nevertheless, the mother had him learn his father's trade. He spent four years at it, during which he often said to his mother, 'Just wait until I'm trained. Then you won't need to worry any more, and you can take it easy at last.' But, when he had finally been trained and held his skilled worker's card in his hand, the boss said to him, 'I'm sorry, but I can't use you as a skilled worker because there is a crisis. I have no work for you and cannot even provide my family with enough to eat.'

From this day on he had his card stamped and received a small unemployment benefit. He lived with his mother, to whom he gave all his money, knowing well enough that it did not even provide them with enough bread. Soon he could not bear the sight of his mother's sad eyes any longer as he felt more and more guilty toward her. He would often sit by himself in a corner, and a tremendous wave of sadness swept over him whenever he thought of his mother's eyes,

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of his own futile youth and the lack of any future prospect. And then he recalled once again the War years he had spent in this same back yard, living on turnips.

'It is the nation's misfortune,' he was told. 'We lost the War because the enemy gained a foothold inside our own country. Why did your father die, and for what did he die? So that we must suffer from the dictates of Versailles? Here is the first thing that must be done: that shameful treaty must be torn up. You owe it to your father and to the nation. Then the foreign elements, the Jews and the Marxists, will be thrown out of the land because they are plundering and betraying our people. We National Socialists want to establish the community of the nation and the common ownership of all property. Let us young people build the state together. Join the Storm Troops.'

He reflected at great length. And it all held water. What had his father died for? And he also read what the Versailles Treaty did to the German people. He knew all the big figures. But nobody told him, 'The sons of fathers who fell in other countries like America and France also have no work to-day, and the great world crisis has hit them, too. It is not only because we lost the War that things are the way they are: there are a great many other reasons besides. Certainly the Versailles Treaty was one reason why the crisis hit us first and so swiftly, and, of course, we must tear it up. But the question is who "we" are and what means we shall use to tear it up. Naturally, every real plunderer of the people must be sent packing whether he is a Jew or not.'

But he did not have any friends among the men who expressed such a point of view, and those who tried to talk with him this way did not express themselves clearly enough, and he became mistrustful.

After a little while he read the programme of the National-Socialist Party. Here he found all his own sufferings described and also the path that would lead to liberty and well-being. He became a member of the Storm Troops and wore the brown uniform, which, he was told, really continued the tradition of the gray uniform his father had worn. The coat looked well on him. It emphasized in a military way the size and strength of his body. Since he could not afford to buy another coat, the brown one very soon became his only article of apparel.

A life of enthusiasm and hope began. He attended a thousand meetings and took part in thousands of marches, and the heart within him yearned for the victory of the Leader, who, he believed, would summon him to arms. He was always working for the movement. He stood on watch at night, hung up placards, and beat up people because they called him a Fascist lout. After these fights he did not feel quite comfortable because the men he beat up did not look like plunderers of the people but seemed to be merely misled. But he found friends among his comrades who liked fighting and thought no more about it. They, however, all had active lives behind them.

When the victory of the Leader suddenly came to pass, he discovered that it was not a victory won over the barricades. He was disappointed, but he submitted to discipline and said to himself, 'The main thing is that we have the power. The Leader knows

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what he is doing even though he is going into a Government with the reactionaries against whom he used to fight. He has conspired with the Devil in the interests of the nation.'

II

He now began searching a great many cellars in which he found red flags and pictures of Karl Marx. These he carried to bonfires, and he and his comrades burned them. He also carried books out of the houses of workers who studied Marx, for they all had big libraries that amazed him. And he carried more books out of seminaries and scientific societies. These books were written by men whose names he had heard in school, but they made a splendid fire, and an orator announced, 'Now the foreign spirit is burned. Now the new German spirit begins to live.' During these searches he often held aloof when his comrades used their side-arms to rip to pieces the beds in the cellars they were searching. Often there was only one bed for a whole family.

Then they began marching more than ever, but the people shouted 'Heil' with less enthusiasm every day. Very soon he discovered that many of his comrades were growing tired and mistrustful. They were the ones who had served longest in the ranks of the Storm Troops and therefore possessed a certain prestige. Quite openly they would ask, 'What is to become of us?' But no one answered. They also put this question to our S.A. man, who had learned to be a metal worker, and told him it would be better for him to go back to his metal working since this marching and parading led nowhere. Why had he risked his head for the Third Reich for years, and to what purpose had the enemies of the nation been beaten to the earth?

This young S.A. man whose life I am describing here will play a leading rôle in my next novel, for he is the type of man who will presently have a great deal to say. I shall show how quickly a man can become resigned after he has apparently brought a new, happy, and victorious epoch into existence. Months ago he allowed all his craven misery to break loose. He gave unarmed men terrible beatings with rubber truncheons and side arms, tortured them with burning cigarettes, or fired a well-aimed shot in the back of somebody who had been described as the enemy of the nation.

Then came the time when he thought how many enemies of the nation his friends had already done away with, either 'legally' or through a special 'People's Court,' which was not presided over by a judge but by murderers, reactionaries, officers, and feudal lords. He also saw very clearly that things were not going better with the nation but worse. But he could not think it through to the end. He became resigned and saw how his old comrades who mutinied were thrown into concentration camps or fell victims to the Purge of June 30.

Very often he wanted to shoot down the 'bank hyenas' and blow up banks because he and his comrades had described again and again down to the smallest detail how they would use every method to fight against the bulwarks of the existing system. But to-day he himself was part of this system. The thirtieth of June convinced him completely. At that time he perceived very definitely that he

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was dissatisfied with *his system* because it could find no use for an army of discontented, vaguely revolutionary agricultural workers. In spite of the half-baked ideas this army believed in, its determination to carry through the most primitive promises still persevered because the daily life of each individual forced it to do so.

First, this army lost its uniforms. Our S.A. man, the trained metal worker, had to lay aside what seemed the holiest thing he possessed, the uniform that his leader had given him. A few hours later these leaders were shot. They were the ones whom he had respected most because of their courage and enterprise. They were old and beloved murderers, energetic officers in the Brown army who kept in close contact with the rank and file, Röhm, Heines, Ernst, and the others.

At this time these words of the Leader rang in his head and in the heads of his comrades, 'Loyalty is the mark of honor.' But his doubts about the treason were weaker than his discipline and obedience. After a few days he and his comrades crawled out again in uniforms that still smelt of the blood of murder. He marched again, although this time he knew that he could not see his destination.

'The S.A. is the political core of our movement. You are political soldiers and the builders of the new state.' These words had been repeated again and again all the years before Hitler assumed power and up to shortly before the 30th of June. Now our S.A. man heard them no more. Now he knew that he had played his political rôle, that he who had once been a pillar of the National-Socialist movement was to be made into a sand shoveler or a so-called agricultural laborer.

He is very well trained for military service. He can throw a hand grenade, drive a motorcycle, shoot a machine gun and a rifle, perhaps even a piece of field artillery. He is no peasant in the usual sense of the word. He is a technical soldier and possesses the qualifications of a member of the Reichswehr. Two and a half million young Germans have received this training in the Storm Troops. They are not sent home. It would be dangerous if they were to mix with the opposition elements among the workers, but their rôle as Storm Troopers is over. They are again being put into barracks to keep them subject to the force of discipline. But they are forbidden the streets. To-day the S.S. [the Schutz Staffel] rules the streets, the S.A.'s 'brother organization,' which is composed of more socially stable elements. To-day the Feldpolizei also rule the streets. They are the picked National Socialists who act as gendarmes in the ranks of the S.A. The Reichswehr rules the streets and the members of the forced-labor camps, too.

III

The 'old, proud, splendid S.A.' has turned into millions of disillusioned men. Only ninety-five thousand of them still wear uniforms in accordance with the latest orders of Lutze, their leader. A decisive part of the tragedy of German youth is occurring here. The full extent of this tragedy cannot be seen to-day, but it is clearer and of more historic importance than the tragedy of the thousands of German students who died during the World War under the fire of French

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guns storming Langemarck with the words '*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles*' on their lips. When National Socialism described the tragedy of these students, it captured a large part of the youth of Germany, saying to them, 'You are the bearers of the ideas of those who fell at Langemarck.' To-day National Socialism is preparing a much more gruesome Langemarck for two and a half million young men.

The last time our S.A. man who was a skilled metal worker served as a political soldier occurred shortly before the potato harvest. He was sent with a few detachments from Berlin to the potato fields of Pomerania and Mecklenburg to guard the potatoes of the Junkers from the starving people. The National-Socialist leadership knows well enough that it will some day have to reckon with these starving people, that they will not obey orders forever, that they still remember their own interests and no longer have any use for discipline. This is true of our young Storm Trooper and millions of his comrades. When the day of reckoning comes, the world should not be horrified, though the history of humanity does not record a time that has seen so much terror as will occur then, for on that day not only will the Storm Troopers march without their brown uniforms; they will be but one part of a mighty army marching to a final settlement. And, when that day of terror is over, Germany will witness no terror again.

II. To Kobdo and Return

By B. Lapin and Z. Khatsrevin

Translated from the *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, Moscow Literary Paper

[*A young Mongolian scholar, a specialist in automobiles and ancient texts, accompanied the Minister of the Mongolian People's Republic as secretary on his journey from Urga to Kobdo. The secretary wrote down his thoughts and impressions in a notebook, and it was from his words that we took down the following story.*—The Authors.]

ON THE 17th of April we left Urga. Three government officials traveled with us, one of whom later became sick and remained in Dzindzilik. When we had loaded the car and fastened the gasoline supply to its running-boards, we set out across an endless expanse of filth and mudholes. It was early in the morning, and the traders had not opened their boats yet.

After we left the town the Minister said, 'Leaving the capital of the Republic for a three months' trip to the west, I feel the joy and sorrow with which every herdsman and shepherd is familiar.' As you well know, the Minister was a shepherd in his youth.

After seven days and six nights we arrived in Uliassutaï, the former headquarters of the Chinese Governor. This part of our journey was comparatively easy, if we discount the broken Vauxhall, which reached its destination with a punctured radiator and accordion-pleated headlights. We rested one night and then set out for Kobdo.

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At Durga Nor a woman stopped our car and inquired about her son, whom she had not seen in five years. 'Tell me, where is my son? He went away to study and promised to write me a letter, but he has forgotten me.' The Minister wrote down the young man's name and address and expressed grief at his callous attitude toward his mother. We met many people en route who asked about their relatives in the capital.

One week's journey from Kobdo we turned into Ulankom. The local officials invited us to a celebration of the Derbet tribe, where a whole roasted bull was served to the guests. In the course of the festivities we saw Derbet dances, which begin very slowly but acquire mad speed toward the middle. The evening was very gay, and the entertainment lasted until midnight.

The president of the district, a former revolutionary soldier, is a meticulous and intelligent administrator. Before he entered the army, he used to drive caravans of freight. His district is rich in herds and food products.

The Minister met Badmu, the herdsman, who boasted that he owned twenty thousand sheep and several teams of horses. He had the face of an old but healthy man. The Minister did not like his harsh treatment of the shepherds.

On the morning of the 25th we reached the snowlands, and all day until twilight we had to tunnel our way through the snow. The Minister laughed and said, 'There is enough grain here to feed all the tribes in the world.'

The snow fell so heavily that we could hardly see one another. We took off our coats and put them on the radiator of the car, for we were afraid that it might freeze. It was such a snowfall as rarely occurs in the centre of our Republic. Lazy monks traveling to a near-by monastery helped us unwillingly.

In the evening we arrived at Tolbo Nor. The setting sun looked like an elongated cupola. The Kazak Kirghiz, who are related to the Moslems, dwell in this country. They are a great people, and the Republic wants to educate them at all costs. But the gulf that separates them from civilization encourages their barbaric customs.

At the Minister's command I inspect the chief tent, which houses the Kirghiz school. Thirty-six children study here, and I regret that there is no educated doctor connected with the school, so that the pupils must have recourse to the Tibetan medicine man, who is greedy, uncultured, and cruel.

At night, when the storm was drawing to an end although the snow was still blowing about, a Kirghiz woman knocked at the Minister's tent, weeping so bitterly that we were all amazed. She said to us, 'I am a widow and have no possessions. A girl in this country is worth seventy head of cattle, and the poor people exchange sisters with one another. A widow must either commit suicide or belong to her brother-in-law.' That is why this young, attractive, able-bodied woman was forced to marry an old man. Burning at the stake was the punishment that threatened her if she protested, strange as it may seem in our days.

The Minister was aroused and summoned the chief officials of the district to his tent. He spoke to them

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as follows, 'I never want to hear again what I have heard to-day. If you will not obey the law, I shall bring the Constitution of the Republic down upon you, beginning with the words "Henceforth all Mongolia . . ." and ending with the words "Thus decreed on the 14th year of the 10th moon."' The Minister was terrifying in his anger, and the chief officials withdrew as quietly as thieves. On the morning of the 30th, after a farewell talk with the population, we left for Kobdo.

Everywhere small rivers and great herds greeted our eyes. The Minister did the driving. We had to stop several times on account of sheep crossing the road. The Minister called the shepherds over to the car and spoke earnestly with them about their life and the increase of their flocks. On leaving he gave them all kinds of advice. 'When you set out on the road, take with you an awl for the camels' hoofs, leather, a grate for the fire, furs, a snow shovel, an axe . . . On the road you will need leather, and when you take bags be sure they are light ones that a man can lift, yet strong, too.'

People looked at him with respect and said, 'There's a master herdsman.'

'When you camp for the night, choose the place that has broad running water nearby and a mountain pass on one side.' He amazed the herdsmen by his detailed knowledge, for in his youth he had also watched over cattle.

II

We traveled all night under a star-clustered sky. A bare tree stood on a hill, shining as though covered with snow. Twice we passed railroad stations in the form of tents that can in no way be compared to the noisy barrooms of the Transsiberian line. Here, in answer to a whistle, you get food deliciously cooked with sugar but no salt. The inspector's vicious dogs have their front paws tied to their necks so that they cannot molest strangers. It was not far from here that the Minister watched over his herd ten years ago.

At noon a man on horseback caught up with us. His cloak was tied with the red sash of the monks. Riding up to the car, he said, 'I am Chjamsaranchjab, the seventh reincarnation of Lubsan-Choy, and here is what I want to say to the Minister.

'I, Chjamsaranchjab, being attached to the monastery, in my youth supposedly reincarnated the soul of Lubsan-Choy. To-day, not believing in my sainthood and miraculous powers, I no longer feel that I have a right to call myself a holy man. When I learned that the Minister was traveling through this country, I compared my life and his. In view of the fact that my title as saint, given to me by the Dalai Lama, contradicts the programme and the discipline of world revolution, I willingly give up this title and wish to be a simple herdsman.'

The Minister listened to his speech and said, 'I congratulate you on your new sentiments.' At the next stop we learned that our holy man had quarreled with the prior of the monastery. Hence his conversion.

On the evening of the following day we finally reached Kobdo, where the trees are always green and there are many pines. We remained eleven days.

Kobdo is a square-shaped town

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with water running in the gutters and small gardens. In the evening I had no duties. Walking along the streets I took a fancy to a Derbet girl, with whom I spent some time. She was true to me and waited for me every day for several hours at the same place. When I left, she grieved at our separation, but looking out of the car I saw that she was laughing and joking about me with a handsome monk. And now I know that everything people say about the frivolity of Derbet girls of Kobdo is really true.

I shall not describe our return trip. Any man who can reach his destination will have no difficulty in returning whence he came. All I have to do is to end my story in the usual way, with the following words, 'If I have said anything unnecessary, if I have omitted anything or made some error, may all who read this forgive me.'

III. Death of My Village

By Pierre Lafue

Translated from *1934*, Paris Topical Weekly

THE destiny of our French villages often haunts me. I see them again as they appeared to me in my childhood, their little streets invaded by shadows at nightfall, their houses with pointed roofs, and their windows illuminated by the flickering flame of a kerosene lamp. I see these villages again with their fountain playing all day long, filling a moss-covered stone basin with a limpid stream of water that the cattle drink at the consecrated evening hour.

What has become of them? Above all, what has become of the rustic people who inhabited them and whose customs seemed so incompatible with those that new conditions of life have created in the past fifteen years?

As I was asking myself these very questions more urgently than usual, I met two 'notables' who had come from the village that I used to know best and that remains to me the typical village because the dramas and conflicts of our national history still echo there even in our own time, because it is a little bit off the beaten track, because it rises on a rocky island against which three wild rivers are beating, because the isolated race of men that dwells there has kept itself 'pure,' by which I mean nervous and spontaneous, because its inhabitants react exactly the way the French did during the Revolution, and because the simplicity of such villages attests to the permanence of a civilization.

Forgetting the purpose of their trip, I at once asked them, 'Well, tell me quickly, does the village of Le B— exist as it did when I lived there and loved it? Would I feel at home again if I walked among its houses, speaking to its shaggy dogs and lively children or dreaming under the big plane tree? What has happened to you in the past ten years?'

The delegates, who included the notary and the chief property owner of the district,—he owns ten hectares of stony soil, on which a rare perfumed grass grows,—both shook their

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heads and tried for a moment to tell me about the grain they could not sell, about the cattle that remained in their stalls, though they talked calmly, as people who have always been too poor to present their grievances bitterly. Then, yielding to my wishes, they told me with perfect accuracy the Odyssey of my lost village.

II

'You know what Le B— used to be,' the notary began, stroking his whiskers, 'in the old days when you were very young. The population had neither learned nor forgotten anything. It lived on memories, diligently cultivating the passions and conflicts that its ancestors had originated over three hundred years before. You remember that low house whose walls curved in as if they were about to collapse and whose occupant fell victim to sixty dagger thrusts by Calvinists, who had descended from the high plateau after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes? Well, that remote event still inspired our spiritual life. Politics, or rather religion, divided us irremediably into two camps. There was no moving from one to the other. Whatever candidate might present himself, Jean would never vote the same way Pierre did. No private interests intruded in this great battle of "ideas." People simply asked the candidates to declare clearly whether they were for Louis XIV or Jean Cavalier, whether they were for freedom of thought or the wisdom of dogma.

'But these inflexible convictions by no means prevented a profound Christian fraternity from dominating a community in which nobody was rich but in which nobody was in danger of starvation. The clearly defined positions discouraged any proselytism and allowed scope for friendly sentiments. When Joseph's daughter died, the sons of Bouchilé, the Protestant mason, carried the coffin to the church. Money could never buy the important services. Slightly fantastic occupations were tolerated and even encouraged, occupations that allowed a man at least to live as he pleased though without enriching himself.

'Though our little businessmen and artisans feared no competition, their consciences gave them sufficient reason to confine themselves to very modest profits. Duboc, the local carter, used to go to the district capital every week and bring back, after a two days' journey, the vegetables and groceries for the village. When he set forth, he took with him our few sacks of rye, our sheepskins, our dried chestnuts. The village had one butcher, one baker, one grocer, just as it had one mason, one drygoods merchant, one day laborer, one carpenter, one fisherman with a net, and one notary.

'There were four gendarmes. But since men of the same size had been chosen and since they had acquired the same bearing because they walked together so much, they were merely referred to as "the gendarmes" and never seemed like more than one person. There was also one poor man, you remember, whose function was to go from door to door simply because in any well-made society there must be one representative of every human species in order to give the charity of others some outlet.

'Of course, we were almost entirely ignorant of the outer world. We

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should all have scorned to make the same gestures our neighbors did. Each individual had his own pleasures, which were valid only for him. Our shoemaker liked to describe episodes during the Commune, in which he took part as a young man, and every year when the anniversary of the bloody week arrived he would raise over the roof of his little house—with the aid of the gendarmes and without anyone dreaming of preventing him from practising his religion—a black flag as a symbol of his anarchist convictions.

'But why continue? You remember it all perfectly, without doubt. Very briefly I have tried to convey in a living résumé of French life in the old days what our village used to be. And now my friend here will tell you what the times we live in have done to us.'

III

The notary turned to his companion, whose face seemed to grow more and more melancholy during this conversation. 'What has Le B— become? Well, it still exists. I even hoped for a long time that it would not change much. We older people have struggled to remain what we always used to be, Christians, French, with our little absurdities, no doubt, but with a rather singular personality. Presently, however, we had to take count of many deserters. The girls were the first to break loose; they urged the boys to abandon the village. Nevertheless, all went fairly well until 1924 when a deputy appeared before us and said, "People are making money everywhere, my good friends. Are you or are you not going to get some of it? To begin with, I am going to have a bus line pass through here. You will be only four hours from the town instead of the long day's journey that you have to make in your wagon."

'I objected that this would perhaps change the spirit of the people. The young fellow would not listen to me, and I fear that he took me for a reactionary. He therefore had a new and wider road built so that the "cars," as he called them, could make the turn. Then, within four years, tourists had discovered our beautiful countryside, and a modern hotel had been built on the site of the Auberge des Cévennes that had been demolished in spite of its ancient windows. The new "palace" is entirely made of reinforced concrete. It has rooms with baths, and an elevator is soon to be installed. That marked the end, you see. Now you would not recognize Le B— any more.'

The notary gave a gesture of approval with his rough calloused hand. 'But why,' I said, 'should I not feel at home in our village?'

'Why? Because people's souls have been destroyed. Soon our people, like everyone here, will think only of their pocketbooks. Already the free spirits are departing. You remember Isidore, the mule driver who used to carry chestnuts to the hamlets of the canton on his pack horse? The bus killed him. He died in the hospital of the local capital. Mulot, the poacher, who was also such a fine fellow in spite of his ferocious air, has also vanished. He would always offer the gendarmes a good part of the rabbit he had shot after he had escaped them. The deputy declared that this man would frighten the foreigners in the hotel. He was therefore sent to prison,

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where he died of bronchitis, although he used to make a habit of walking barefoot through the snow. And Canonge, the wood cutter, and Bastide, the town crier, to whose music people used to dance: they have all disappeared. There was no place for them.

'Now people are supposed to work regular hours and know how to make a fortune. Nobody cares about ideas. The church and the temple are deserted. One of Joseph's sons has become a wholesale butcher. Every week he takes cattle that he has bought cheap to La Villette and makes more than ten thousand francs a month selling them. The young people envy him and are eager to imitate him. They have decided to sell anything for cash. Yes, everything at Le B— is for sale now, even a bunch of parsley, even, I fear, the consciences of the people, for it has come to that, and I tell you there is no more village.'

'But at least,' I said to console them, 'Le B— has been preserved. Without this change perhaps only a few of its inhabitants would have remained.'

'That is true,' the notary agreed, 'but I ask myself if it would not have been better to have our abandoned houses fall into ruins, for you see it is now nothing but another "quarter" like those in Paris. People are jealous and detest each other as they do everywhere.'

The landowner shrugged his shoulders. 'He spoke the truth. You must believe him. We came here to ask for help to revive the village. But nobody listens to us. We were told about wheat, cattle, and tariffs. We understand and hold our peace. Nobody is interested in the souls of dying villages.'

They added nothing more. I went with them to the station, my heart a little contracted in spite of myself, and, when the train pulled out, when I could no longer see their honest faces, I dreamed sadly of my old village that used to be so alive, so 'real' and of all the French villages, of those with streets now empty of children, where dogs no longer bark in muddy courtyards. And I also thought of the villages that the bus and the modern hotel are discovering to-day, that are teeming with their own little scandals, and that offer both their lettuce and their people for sale.

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The most popular woman novelist in France, who has also a large American following, tells the editor of the *Nouvelles Littéraires* about life, love, art, and her latest best-seller, *Duo*.

An Hour *with* Colette

By Frédéric Lefèvre

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*
Paris Literary Weekly

In the silent corridor of the Claridge we consult the metal numbers that alone differentiate the doors. The elevator has deposited us on the sixth floor, and an impassive elevator man abandons us on the edge of the labyrinth. 620, 616, 612, 608. We approach. A tapestry cuts off the end of a corridor, making part of it into an enormous library. We are on the right track and knock on Colette's door.

The warm, cordial voice of the still invisible hostess, the inimitable voice of which everything has been said but that nobody can imagine who has not heard it, reaches us as we are crossing the threshold of the vestibule, where a lady's maid meets us. At the same time that we hear the voice we enter the atmosphere of a quiet, low apartment full of colors, reflections, perfumes, discreet lamps, intimate refinements such as the readers of Colette's book can well imagine.

I look about me. There are no crackling logs in the fireplace, but I feel a gentle warmth radiating from the books, the velvet sofa, and the silk-covered armchair. There are flowers everywhere, on the walls, on the ceiling, and in the glistening, crystal vases. A gray cat is seated on two books. Colette remains invisible, but she is close by, just behind a door that stands ajar. 'I am powdering myself. Just a second. I must be presentable.'

A female bulldog emerges from beneath a plaid covering, jumps out of a low armchair, runs toward the voice, turns halfway around before going all the way, and returns as proud as a sergeant-at-arms because its mistress has made the decisive move that is leading her into the salon. Colette appears, and the dog returns to its

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shelter under the plaid covering. Since 'she' has arrived the cat quits its post and wedges itself between the backbone of the bulldog and the back of the chair. The whole scene is more like Colette than Colette herself, and the magician who enters is more like Colette than anyone who does not know her can imagine. With her lively familiar grace and her hospitality, she is more Colette than the memory that we retain.

'Sit down here. No, there, you'll be more comfortable. It would be a fine state of affairs if a person were not comfortable in my house.'

Her gaze stirs you, and her tuft of hair adds to the majesty of her forehead and makes her chin look even sharper than it really is.

Colette crosses her bare legs under her army-blue skirt and looks at her feet, which are also bare beneath the thongs of her sandals. 'I am not very much at ease. I have just returned from a walk and may have carried a little mud in with me, but I am comfortable only with bare feet, outdoors and in.'

A low laugh rises in her throat, but a telephone bell cuts it short. A pause, 'I should like to tell you that I have no ideas about woman's suffrage.' Another pause. 'Never mind, my child, when I have it will be expressed with the utmost violence. That's the way I am.' A pause. 'When shall I have an opinion? Ah, that I cannot say. Perhaps next week. At the moment I am involved in a press conference.'

Colette leans back and sighs. A noise comes out of the armchair where the two animals are quartered. It is the dog echoing Colette, and because my hostess has spoken of the press I tell her what a success her new book, *Duo*, is. Colette buries her chin in a Scotch scarf that she has wound around her neck and seems to be absorbed in meditation.

'I don't know what "craftsmanship" is. I never have, really. But I don't deny that I wanted to make *Duo* a successful *tour de force* to see if I could still do it, to renew myself, but that's another story. Although I naturally shy away from general ideas, I wanted my last book to make people think. I believe that a man, to his own great astonishment, will put up with sentimental betrayal but will never endure the other, the true and the only real kind of betrayal. You see, people will kill themselves when they are scalded but not when they are pricked. There is no jealousy that is not physical. Anyone who honestly believes the contrary is mistaken.'

'Thus, when the hero of *Duo* "realizes" his physical misfortune, he walks into the muddy waters of the river in the early morning.'

'Yes, and it is because of the error committed upon himself that he kills himself.'

II

Because *Duo* is an admirable introspective novel dealing with a 'couple' I attempt to lead my interlocutrice to throw light on her profound knowledge of people and the ever-burning question of unity in a couple. Colette remains silent for a few moments.

'I do not know whether this unity is possible or not. I know only certain cases. Nor do I believe that modern life is more favorable to the woman, that she draws greater advantages from it in the realm of love. The evolution of the couple does not depend on the modifications of social life, for if

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it did apparently unrelated questions would have to be raised—such as the influence of city surroundings and lack of space. This alone might solve the problem of cohabitation. It is so important, this question of place and space,—I repeat the word,—that the countries in which polygamy is most successful are those in which it is possible to isolate the women among themselves and keep them away from their common master.'

'But, even in countries in which monogamy is the order of the day, don't you feel that living together is a terrible obstacle to love?'

'Yes, I believe so. One should be able to say of the person with whom one lives, "I do not know where he is." But disregard my opinion on the matter as I do myself. I perhaps express the temporary view of a certain period of my life. If I were twenty or thirty years old, I might think quite differently.'

III

Colette tilts her head against the back of the chair and escapes into a domain where she is alone. The groans of the bulldog, which is dreaming, become more plaintive. Suddenly, my interlocutrice taps her sandal on the carpet as if to come down to earth again.

'After all, I don't know anything about it. I cannot say whether it is because I have reached my present age that I think as I do or whether it is for some other reason, but what I am very sure of is that my memory has never played me false and has never allowed me to forget anything that happened to me. I owe it to my particular character that I love everything that has ever happened to me, even things of which I might say, "Good Lord, how unhappy I was."

'Everything—happiness and unhappiness, what I reject and what I cherish—is my property, my goods. I love it. I love to have had what I have had. That is perhaps an old proprietary instinct, Lefèvre. Moreover, it is almost all I possess, along with a little house in the south of France. People often ask me, "If you could begin your life over again, what would you choose, what would you do without, and what would you keep?" Me? I'd keep everything. I need all that I have had. People then ask, "How about happiness?" I don't know what it is. I am incapable of giving that word a definite form. Happiness without unhappiness is incomplete, which reminds me of the story of a man whom I loved very much and who made me suffer. He excused himself. As if a man should not give a woman both the means of being happy and the means of being unhappy! As if a woman worthy of the name should not understand that it is too little to receive only happiness from a man!'

The bulldog gave a little cry, the cat moved about, and their mistress, understanding that they were hot, pushed their chair away from the radiator, took off the plaid covering, and looked at me laughing. 'You think I am very exigent, don't you, with my theories? I agree. I am exigent. But, all the same, I find it easy to live. Very easy.'

I return to *Duo*, the original theme of our conversation, and tell Colette how much I was struck by the musical composition of the book, its leitmotif, its repetitions of the main theme, its changes of tone.

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'Stop. No one has ever said that, and you can't imagine how much your observation interests me.' I don't think much about myself, and I have never thought of that either, but I feel that what you have said is true. I belong to an especially musical family. We four children were all instinctive musicians, and naturally we all refused to learn music. My only living brother is perfectly able to play any tune by ear on the piano. So can I. At the age of six this brother disappeared from the house from time to time, and everyone would think he was lost, but he had gone trailing off with the organ player, the clarinetist, or the violinist, who visited our town once or twice a year. He followed them to learn the airs they played and then returned.'

I also told this great writer that the tone of her book and all its shadings and harmonies gave me a profound artistic emotion.

'I don't like any literary paroxysm. I fight it off furiously.' A far-off memory comes to her, and she laughs again from the throat. 'When I worked for M. Willy, as many others did, his hardness, which knew no bounds, gave me more than one salutary lesson. One day, when I had presented my task, he gave it back with a dry gesture across the sinister black desk over which we confronted each other. "Yes," he said, "you are the last of the lyricists." That's a little chilling, I admit, but it is not without usefulness. It makes one modest.

'M. Willy suffered from only one failing: that of not being able to write. And his impotence was basic: it was an extremely curious case. One day, when he had run short of copy, he asked me if I didn't have some memoirs of my childhood and early school days. I was twenty-one and docile, and I did what I could. The result was *Claudine à l'école*. When I presented my first offering, he read it, made a face, and, finding nothing of interest, put it in a drawer. A year passed. One day Willy was rearranging his desk, found my manuscript, read it, and uttered a terrific oath. I ran to him. "What is it?" I asked. "Nothing." Obviously, it did not concern me. He hurried to his publisher, and it made an immediate success.

'M. Willy at once thought of a sequel: "Can you imagine Claudine in Paris?"

'"Possibly."

'"Then, my little one, quick, quick, get to work. And hurry, for there is no more money in the house."

'I set myself to work, and *Claudine en ménage* and *Claudine s'en va* both came into existence in the same way. But in becoming a chronic writer despair often seized me, and then he would lock me up.'

IV

'If I can believe what you have just confided in me, you are now locking yourself up to force yourself to do your present task.'

Colette utters a heart-felt sigh. 'True, I am not accustomed to my calling. I am not accustomed to the snares and errors that lie in our path. Nor to unremitting application. To save myself I must rely only on my scruples, my will not to show myself inferior to what I can do. I do not get lazy until I have given honorable form to what I have undertaken.

'To find happiness? Hold on a

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minute. First, I began by telling you that I did not know what that word meant, and I can never believe that our literary work might be regarded a pleasure. Only the enthusiasm counts. One always wants to feel above reproach, and as long as one keeps one's conscience one is saved. For my part, when my conscience slackens, so will my pen, and no doubt I shall be on the point of letting everything slide.

'Of course, I love journalism. If I worked more easily, I should have done more of it, but to wake up every day saying to myself, "What is weighing on my life to-day?" No, that is beyond my strength, and I cannot do anything without applying myself. I work so slowly that now I always write lying down. It tires me to be seated. If I could write standing like Lucien Descaves, that would please me. But he does n't weigh anything. Moreover, I subject myself to certain precautions so that I can keep on working for a long time; I even choose the color of the paper—blue or nile green, for they fatigue one's eyes less. Does that surprise you? Do you write on white paper? You must try mine.'

Colette leaves the room and returns with a pile of paper of such a tender green hue that I cannot defend myself. Then to reassure me, she says, 'Take it, take it. My editors are very nice. They send me four thousand sheets at once. And to think that I cover it all with my writing!'

'When I can sell my manuscripts, I do so,' Colette laughs with all her heart, waking up her animals, which stretch themselves. 'But I may tell you that at the moment collectors are rare.'

I ask one more question—the last.

'Word of honor: there is nothing in preparation. I have not begun another novel. Thus, I have time to go to the theatre and to write critical articles.'

This time I take my leave. Colette arises and looks out the window. 'It is raining. What luck. Just now I love moisture. It is more necessary to me than dryness. It is curious how one changes. Time was when I preferred the sun.'

And, as she leads me to the door, she insists, 'Don't you find, Lefèvre, that it is diverting to change like that? One makes surprises for one's self.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

SHIFTING SANDS. *By Major N. N. E. Bray. London: the Unicorn Press. 1934.*

(Dr. Carl Wehner in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin)

COLONEL T. E. Lawrence, the uncrowned King of Arabia, wrote the history of the Anabasis of King Feisal and of the numerous hardships and defeats that his Arabian national army underwent on its way from Mecca to Damascus. His book, *Revolt in the Desert*, was an epic of the World War, and the author played a central part in it.

Its inevitable antithesis, telling 'the true story' of the Arabian uprising, has just appeared under the title *Shifting Sands*. The author, Major Bray, is better qualified to criticize Lawrence than any other liaison officer who served Great Britain in 1916 in the war in Arabia. His book does not possess the Miltonic qualities that Bernard Shaw discerned in Lawrence, but instead of literary merit it has another and perhaps more important value—a profound inner accuracy that does not represent facts in the rosy colors of wish-fulfillment.

Bray made himself an expert on Arabian history and on Arabia's national ambitions. As an officer in the Anglo-Indian army, he spent his leave during 1913 in Syria, where he became involved in a network that Arabian organizations were spreading with a view to promoting an uprising against the Ottoman Empire in its outlying territories. Bray was certainly something more than a private observer in Syria. In 1916 Sir Mark Sykes, the 'mad Mollah' as he was jokingly called in the Foreign Office, had Bray sent on a mission into the Hejaz, which was then in a state of revolt. Sir Mark was an expert on Arabia, one of those impulsive Britons who, without being a Cabinet member, bring a tremendous influence to bear on their Empire by the power of their convictions and the strength of their emotions.

What had been the history of the Arabian revolt that Feisal, a son of King Hussein of Mecca, had led to an impasse at Rabigh? It amounted to nothing more than a mere side issue executed by Sir Henry M'Mahon, High Commander in Egypt, Sir Reginald Wingate, the sirdar, or commander-in-chief, of the Egyptian army, and General Clayton. And through Anglo-Egyptian eyes that were concentrated on the coast of Arabia and on the rulers of the holy cities, Mecca and Medina, Clayton's young subordinate Lawrence appeared to hold the fate of the Arabian movement in his hands. Lawrence regarded Feisal as the prophet of Arabia, and he described his character as that of a man who suffered from alternating fits of optimism and the courage of despair and who was deeply discouraged as he stood before the gate of Rabigh.

Bray, whom Sir Mark Sykes sent direct from the western front to the Arabian theatre of war, had served in the Anglo-Indian army. He regarded the Arabian question from the point of view of Delhi, which was eager to assure the security of British India by

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gaining the support of the Indian Mohammedans. Here is light on the point of view that Bray had arrived at during his stay in Syria: two days after Turkey entered the War in November, 1914, he told Sir Percy Lake, chief of the Indian general staff, that the man who should lead the Arabs was Ibn Saud. The Anglo-Egyptians could not see beyond the Red Sea; the Anglo-Indians, on the other hand, let their eyes range further across the Persian Gulf. The Anglo-Egyptians were suffering from geographic astigmatism; the Anglo-Indians took the view of *Realpolitik*. For that reason Delhi had a correct view of the importance of the Arabian peninsula and Cairo a false one.

Lawrence, like the Negroes and Indians, despised the Bedouins, and he referred only once to Ibn Saud as one of the desert rulers. He completely left out of his calculations the important enemies of the Sultan. Ibn Saud's Wahabi followers were sturdy Puritans, and, since the Anglo-Egyptians had struck them off any list of potential allies, the British Foreign Office turned to the religiously ambitious and politically deluded Hussein and his sons. King Hussein's senile quarrels, his hypochondriacal illusions of grandeur gave rise to interminable conflicts, which acquired importance only because Lawrence finally raised his protégé Feisal from obscurity and made him supreme commander of the Arabians. Lawrence and Cairo both wanted to reach the same goal that Bray and Delhi did—Damascus—but not under the leadership of Ibn Saud. Apparently it would have been hopelessly dangerous for the Turks to launch an attack from Palestine on Ibn Saud's headquarters at Riyadh across his uncovered desert flank even if the journey had been an easy one. But it was Lawrence who carried the day, not Bray, which, in turn, led to the dubious activities of the Arabs on the coast, who would have fallen out among themselves and accomplished nothing if Allenby had not entered Palestine.

Bray has devoted a whole chapter to Lawrence, his opponent, if such he can be called. He also has something to say of great military importance. Lawrence was obsessed, obsessed with the idea that he must cut the Hejaz railway. According to Bray, however, these attacks had no practical strategic or tactical value after the bridge at El Kerak had been destroyed. It was false tactics and even worse strategy to focus so much attention on this railway line. But the supreme damage occurred in the final battle. The Turks had two firm strongholds, Medina, the Turkish headquarters, and Maan, which controlled the route from the Gulf of Aqaba to the Dead Sea. Neither of these had fallen by the time of the Armistice.

Lawrence always acted in a high-handed fashion. His impulsive entrance into Ed-Deraah at the head of the national Arabian army and his annexation of Damascus outraged the sensibilities of the Anglo-Egyptian troops commanded by Allenby. No sooner had Lawrence set up an Arabian national government in Damascus on his own responsibility than England almost got into a conflict with her French ally. France claimed a protectorate over Syria, and Lawrence ought to have been at least enough of a politician to anticipate this move. And, even if the doubts that divided his heart, to which he

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gives frequent expression in his book, caused him to prefer the Arabs to the English, cleverness and foresight made him obey the commands and desires of his superior, General Allenby.

Lawrence and Bray—two able officers but of a completely different stamp, both caught between England and Arabia, both disappointed by the trend of Arabian events. Bray disappeared from the scene before Lawrence played his part in the War, but they met again, for Major Bray became political officer and governor of Karbala in the English mandated territory of Iraq, and under Lawrence's influence this mandate was made into a kingdom for Feisal. It is one of the little ironies of history that Bray found himself preparing the ground for that same Feisal against whom he wanted to set Ibn Saud in opposition. Bray, not Lawrence, is justified by subsequent events. For Ibn Saud to-day has become by all odds the greatest man in Arabia, the protagonist of the Greater-Arabia idea, who drove the weak Hussein out of the holy cities with a flick of his hand and who brought new life to the desert country of the interior.

JOURNAL D'UN HOMME DE QUARANTE ANS. *By Jean Guéhenno. Paris: Grasset. 1934.*

(Jean Giono in *Marianne*, Paris)

I READ the *Journal of a Man of Forty* when it appeared serially in the magazine *Europe*, and I have just reread it carefully.

The greatest cemeteries in the world are not on the front. I have seen immense photographs of military burying grounds with crosses in lines reaching to the horizon, and two years ago I returned to the former battlefield in the Pinon-Chevrillon sector where I suffered especially. A peasant from Vregny accompanied me through the remains of the trenches from which I had taken part in an attack. I watched. I did not dare say anything to the people with me. Nevertheless, this spot of ground had been my cross. My feet, hands, head, and heart had bled here. As evening fell, I went to the cemetery. It was not a big one; it was of average size. No eminent names. But within a space of fifty square yards I had seen twenty of my comrades and one friend fall. Their names are never seen. They are buried within ourselves. We carry in our own flesh the largest cemeteries in the world.

At this stage of our life we can no longer enjoy anything. I believe that we have only friendship left. As long as I held this book in my hands, Guéhenno remained seated at my side and kept me company. For we are terribly tormented by the dead who are now our own age, and living people of our age can find peace only in each other's company. This book is a living and piteous presence. Guéhenno sits down beside me. At first we say nothing. We think of the same thing at the same time. Then we begin to talk about our sorrow.

People pretend that we became bitter because we lost our youth. Yes, we lost it, or rather spent it badly. But what period of youth are you discussing? I never felt so young physically as I do now. All the young mountain climbers get out of breath trying to keep up with me. I hold my ground with the young guides. I do by myself what young men can do only with assistance.

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Listen, Guéhenno, I am going to tell you a story. I have a grandmother. She was a hundred years old on August 2, 1934. Last year she fell from her chair and broke her thigh. I picked her up shrieking and carried her to the hospital. It is tended by nuns, but there was a doctor there, too. I said to the surgeon, 'What do you think of it?'

He said, 'She is ninety-nine years old.'

I said, 'Is there a chance?'

He said, 'No.'

I said to him, 'Then let her alone. Don't mend the fracture. The important thing is that she does not suffer.'

After a few days her pain subsided. My grandmother began to open her eyes again. Every morning the doctor raised her in his arms to wash her. A little while afterward the sister arrived with breakfast. My grandmother looked at her blinking her eyes and said gently, 'Ah, madame, I love your husband very much. He has a light hand.'

The sister said, 'But, grandmother, I have no husband. I am a nun.'

'Ah,' said my grandmother. 'Ah, really.' And she ate her breakfast. It was the same thing every morning.

When I arrived, the sister described the scene laughing. 'Grandmother,' she said, 'has lost her senses.'

When I was alone with my grandmother, I said, 'Well, Nini, you have n't noticed that she is a nun. You must know that she has no husband.'

'What do you take me for?' asked my grandmother. 'Yes, I know it, and I say it to make them laugh.' After a little reflection she added, 'It's too bad.'

'What's too bad?' I asked.

'It's too bad that the woman is not married. I shall tell her so to-morrow.'

Gradually people came to see her for the pleasure it gave them. The doctor remained. The nurse remained. I remained, and other people came. My grandmother talked to everyone wreathed in smiles. She was always making them laugh. The nun finally understood the interior joy of that old woman. Perhaps she, too, had need of a little real human joy at bottom, and I remember one morning how she blushed as she went away, saying, 'I should n't want a man like that for a husband. Not on your life. He would have to be much handsomer for me to choose him.'

'You see,' my grandmother said gently, when we were alone, 'she is pleased.'

There you have it, Guéhenno. We are not a hundred years old, but we cannot give joy to those around us because our own joy has been killed. You say it well. We ask for hope. We cannot give even hope any more.

We ask for peace. Guéhenno, I believe we can give peace. I believe we can give hope, I believe that we can give peace, hope, joy, and life around us. Your book spreads peace and hope to men of good will. We must arouse the generation of men with black blood as you have aroused yourself. They must all want to read you. Your voice must be enormous and resounding. We belong to the generation that saw Alsace and Lorraine painted black on the maps in our primary schools. We were told that we should have to change it. Teach the reason why this sorrow entered into our hearts, why our arteries have become rivers of soot

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because we have seen our comrades die in vain. There should be no black on any map of the world. No morsel of land is worth the death of a single man. Look at us in our terrible distress. Do you younger men want to be infirm of soul? Do you want to be walking corpses, do you want to become another generation of men with black blood? You don't? Then read Guéhenno's book. It alone offers protection to your future joy.

AVANT LE GRAND SILENCE. *By Maurice Maeterlinck. Paris: Fasquelle. 1934.*

(P. C. in the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva)

M. MAETERLINCK, who likes 'great' titles—*le Grand secret, la Grande féerie*—publishes to-day *Before the Great Silence*. In other words, in his retirement M. Maeterlinck is preparing for death, which is something that we all should do, at any age, as long as we don't do it like Maeterlinck.

In reality, this illustrious writer, having attained an age when wisdom bids man withdraw serenely from earthly cares, clutches at them with all his might while complaining that they have no substance. He seems much more preoccupied with showing the power of his soul to full advantage —thus indicating that he harbors some doubts on that score—than with seeking the reasons to possess and confirm it. To tell the truth, there is more sand than rock at the basis of Maeterlinck's beliefs. He lacks faith, but he admits the existence of the unknowable. He confesses that he does not understand the problem of God and the universe, but his book is full of aphorisms, reflections, and advice explaining them both and showing us how to understand them. If you consulted a doctor who said, 'I don't understand your case, I am suffering from the same disease, and I bear it; do likewise,' you would answer that you did n't care, that you wanted to have him cure you, and that he might at least take the sign off his door.

Neither those who have faith nor those who lack it understand the universe. The difference is that the believers know that they need not understand to continue toward a goal that comes nearer at every step whereas the skeptics grope in darkness. Faith alone enables man to accept without understanding and still retain complete confidence in his destiny. It is this confidence that Maeterlinck lacks. He accepts because no other course lies open to him, but what passionate revolt remains concealed behind his apparent insensibility.

'If I were God,' says the Arkel in *Pelléas et Mélisande*, 'I should pity the hearts of men.' 'If I were God,' says the Arkel of M. Maeterlinck, 'I should be ashamed to have created men.' Fine resignation indeed! Do the men of to-day deserve less pity than those of forty years ago? If M. Maeterlinck draws a moving parallel between his youth and his old age, in which he appears more and more disillusioned, more and more scornful toward the people, is such an evolution so encouraging that it should be presented as an example, as proof of the excellent trend of the author's thought? Whether we want to or not we must always return to Pascal: 'What will become of you who seek your true condition by your natural reason?'

Let us be fair. There are admirable passages in *Before the Great Silence*, images of powerful pathos, and

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snatches of magnificent poetry. But it is all so vague and so sad. Not with the sadness that steels a soul and makes it strong, proud, and accessible to pity alone, like Vigny's, but with the sadness of a man who, in trying to persuade himself that he feels no regret for the things that death will take away from him, fails to convince his readers. Though M. Maeterlinck's mind is more or less satisfied, his heart is not.

And one feels that in denouncing 'the basic, practically incurable stupidity' of men, M. Maeterlinck can not cast from his mind Terence's boast: '*Homo sum.*' The harmonious edifice that he has erected on the basis of suffering and impassiveness does not give its architect—who seems well aware of the fact—a refuge of utter peace.

EINE FRAU WIE VIELE *or* DAS RECHT IN DER EHE. *By Ernst Lothar. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay Verlag. 1934.*

(Oskar Maurus Fontana in the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna)

'YOU are no exception, as you imagine, there are dozens—I should say millions—like you. Never have there been so many bad, hopeless marriages as now. Lawyers and judges are overwhelmed with the demand for divorce. It's the next station after the wedding, is n't it?' These words in Ernst Lothar's novel are spoken to the victim of an unhappy marriage by a man who ought to know what he is talking about—a famous divorce lawyer. He has seen too much of other people's marriages, too much filth and baseness have been spread before him by people who loved each other only yesterday and now hate each other mortally and would like to destroy each other. Therefore love makes him shudder, and above all he doubts the prospects of any marriage.

Does Ernst Lothar himself come to such pessimistic conclusions? No, his novel does not relapse into hopelessness; the voice of the divorce lawyer is only one note in the great symphony of marriage that Ernst Lothar has composed, and at the end of it emerges a belief in human beings as the children of God and therefore a belief in the Utopia of marriage. But all Utopias are imagined in order that they may come true.

Ernst Lothar's symphony of marriage consists of three movements. The first is called 'Desire.' Two very young people fly into each other's arms. The young man has just received his Bachelor of Arts degree. It is the time before the War, two hearts are in the springtime of life and do not suspect what they are, what they will become, or what they are preparing within themselves. For all the poisons that afflict mankind do not come from without but from within. The girl who was once 'a woman like many others,' as the title says, reveals her most beautiful side. Eva now becomes the one who plays with life, which will later make sport of her, turning her into a victim of her own impulses and irrepressibility.

The second movement of the marriage symphony begins, and it is called 'Evil.' And this is the marriage. Three children are born to this couple's love that we have watched sprout and grow. A family is there, and one day is just like another. He and she first loved each other, then they loved side by side, and then

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separately. 'The charm is gone. The best is gone. One knows everything about the other person, when he will laugh and when not; how he pulls back his upper lip to show his handsome teeth; how he knocks on the door with a short rap; how he lights his English pipe; how he strokes his hair back from his forehead—everything, everything. The daily grind remains.' It is the curse of routine that gradually destroys this marriage —a marriage like many others.

Does the couple offer any resistance to the mill that is grinding them? Too little. She is a woman like many others, who sees and values only the surface of things. She does not know and understand anything about woman's sacrificial duty, and she lives exclusively on her egotism, lighthearted, laughing, and gay. He, for his part, is a man who will not let his wife get a word in edgewise. 'He took no notice of whatever was said or else smiled condescendingly and changed the subject.' He is a man like many others, wrapped up in his work, his ideas, his dreams. Either he does not see the woman who is going through life at his side, or else he sees her too seldom. Thus the marriage becomes an evil that it is beyond the strength of the couple to support. Divorce follows.

The third movement of Lothar's marriage symphony is called 'The Sacrament,' and it strikes a redeeming tone. The man finds a late happiness in the understanding that he has experienced the three kinds of love that make marriage a sacrament. 'It is a triple love that overpowers him. He loves her as a woman, as a mother, and as a child. That is why this love becomes so powerful, so deep, so unlimited.' The woman, or, rather, the girl who gives him the privilege of this love, possesses inner strength because she knows love not as something fleeting and fleeing but as something that demands and gives all.

Lothar's novel, it is quite clear, reaches far out and includes along with the individual destinies the determining spiritual background. It testifies to Lothar's artistic talent that the characters are always alive, human, and close to us in spite of the fact that they serve also as types. This arises from the fact that Lothar makes each of his characters speak exactly as he would in real life, down to the smallest details of dialect. The novel also reflects the beautiful landscapes against which it is set and makes the pre-war city of Brünn, the beach at Ostend, the mountains of Switzerland, and the impalpable atmosphere of Vienna all come to life. One feels that the novel glows with experience.

Lothar set out to find the rights of marriage, but he discovered more—justice on both sides, justice for the man and for the woman. Important as Lothar's 'creative construction' is —to borrow a phrase of Schiller's— I found the most beautiful passages in the novel those moments of silent tension: when a father dies and his estranged son kneels down beside him at this last hour and tells him of all the love he might have felt, or when a husband leaves his house and knows that he will never see it again save as one who has lost his home. At such moments as these the heart of Ernst Lothar speaks.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Three Literary Prizewinners

Now that the various juries have selected the 1934 prizewinners the French public has placed at least three or four books on the annual required-reading list. Luckily, the juries have made selections so widely different that anyone who buys the Goncourt, Fémina, and Théophraste Renaudot selections will meet with three distinct trends in French literature.

The Renaudot prize goes this year to Louis Francis for *Blanc*, the story of a gay and ambitious young man in the diplomatic service who falls in love with a girl whom he dares not marry because her inferior social position might ruin his career. He leaves, and, when he finally returns, driven by a love more powerful than ambition, he finds the girl engaged to another man. Obviously, the author did not waste time and energy in thinking up an original plot. But the critics tell us that the psychological analysis is remarkable: remarkable as far as it goes, for the limitation of the subject necessarily limits the depth and variety of the psychology involved.

The Prix Goncourt has been awarded to Roger Vercel—forty years of age, *ancien combattant*, professor of French literature in a boys' school in Dinan, Brittany, and the father of five children. His book, *Le Capitaine Conan*, a story of the Great War on the Macedonian front, is packed with daring exploits, mighty onslaughts, and full-blooded, manly fighting. M. Vercel wanted to paint soldiers in their brutality and simplicity, deliberately refusing to look at the other side of the coin, and from all accounts he seems to have succeeded almost too well: the lack of nuance becomes oppressive. Taken in its parts, however, rather than as a whole, *Le Capitaine Conan* abounds in vigorous descriptive passages.

In an interview M. Vercel gave to *Marianne's* correspondent he stated that he did not want to write a book that 'would make the reader say with the air of a too refined gourmet: "It's wonderfully intell-ligent . . ."' It is curious that protestations of innocence always point in the direction in which there is no suspicion of guilt. So far as we know no one has thought of accusing M. Vercel of being over-intelligent.

The Prix Fémina jury crowned Robert Francis, a young man of twenty-five who is an engineer as well as a writer. He is also a poet, a rebel against the dominance of 'logic' in French literature, and a lover of the fanciful. (Note the resemblance to Lewis Carroll, the mathematician.) 'Fancy,' he says, 'is an intellectual and emotional process that disrupts the apparent order of things in order to discover their profound order.' And later: 'Fancy is to metaphysics what poetry is to language.' *Le Bateau-Refuge*, the last volume to appear in the series entitled *La Chute de la maison de verre*, carries out M. Francis's original idea—to present a realistic subject seen as in a dream, in which each episode, while perfectly 'normal' in itself, is made strange by the characters' behavior and the world's acceptance of their eccentricity. The visual description and particularly the dialogue with its weird surges of sound thicken the dream shroud that the author has wrapped about a 'realistic' plot.

Thus, these prizewinners point to three distinct currents in contemporary French literature: the psychological novel, still continuing in the nineteenth-century tradition; the new, 'anti-intellectual' novel of force; and the fanciful, super-realistic interpretation of real characters and situations. Those who read our note in this department for January on 'The Unacademic Academy' may be interested to

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know that it was Léon Daudet's Académie Goncourt that crowned the glory-of-power novel, *Le Capitaine Conan*, although M. Daudet so emphatically asserted that the War had 'scarcely touched' the contemporary novel.

Japanese Painting Goes Modern

ANYONE accustomed to traditional Japanese prints and watercolors will be amazed and dismayed at this year's Teiten—the annual show organized by the Department of Education. Whereas the tradition of the old school emphasized excellence of technique and limitation of theme, the younger painters have cleared new paths and have traveled so fast that their technical equipment has proved inadequate. The old frames have been broken, and new ones wide enough to encompass the artist's broader vision are yet to be built.

There are, of course, at the Tokyo Teiten a number of landscapes and pictures of animals in the old style. There is also in this group a strange picture in which the artist has discarded all laws of perspective. The picture shows a sort of roofless palace in which the spectator can see any number of things going on in different rooms. But the artist is not content to imitate the older Chinese painters in ignoring perspective; he actually makes more distant figures larger than nearer ones, and, when he comes to the confines of the palace, the trees and other objects shrink at a prodigious rate so as to form the proper park-like background. Apparently, moral import rather than proximity to the spectator determines the stature of the persons and objects in this painting, which, in trying to outdo the ancient Chinese, seems to have fallen into the most extreme form of modernism.

In the work of the younger painters the precision and purity of line so characteristic of the older Japanese school have been replaced by something that looks like bad drawing pure and simple. Luminosity of color has given way to more sombre, even turgid hues. Though the Japanese have been wrestling with oils for over twenty years, they are not yet quite at home in this new medium. Furthermore, the younger artists have broken away from the discipline of studio technique and the hard training of imitative painting. The coincidence is rather unfortunate as this discipline was particularly necessary in the mastery of a new medium.

Occidentalism dominates the subject matter as well as the technique of these artists. The trend is to realism, even to deliberate selection of subjects in themselves ugly and, even more often, distortion of a subject that is beautiful in itself. As one Japanese critic says: 'The most common feature in the nudes is elephantiasis of both legs.' By way of explanation the same man remarks that nude painting in Japan lacks the 'heroic' tradition of Greece. Japanese painting has broken with the custom of painting women white; the official color is now a muddy brown—which, this same critic points out, is as far from reality as the chalky hue that preceded it.

It is evident from this exhibit that there is a greater number of paintings from life than ever before. At the same time, many an artist relies more on his imagination than on his senses. Natives of the South Seas, we are told, are shown in fantastic colors. 'But perhaps one should remember that a man's color is of no importance whatever,' the Japanese critic facetiously remarks. Be that as it may, South Sea islanders in candy-stick shades are strangely reminiscent of Gauguin and tend to define the western influence and to show what particular artists the Japanese have chosen, if not as models, certainly as teachers.

The review in the *Japanese Weekly Chronicle* of Kobe made this significant observation: 'One fact that merits notice is that in the whole exhibition there is only one war picture,—a central panel sur-

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rounded by a number of small ones,—which seemingly attracts no attention.' We regret that this reviewer failed to make up for the little notice given the war picture by *hoi poloi;* it would be interesting to know what kind of war picture the Japanese Department of Education selected for an official showing and, more important still, why it has received so little attention.

The younger Japanese artists are going through a period of assimilation and transition. Their technique has been revolutionized, and the new methods of painting in oil have not been fully mastered. But they possess imagination and ideas, and we have the authority of a Japanese critic with a sense of humor for saying that 'some notable art form will in time emerge.'

Anno Domini 2035

SINCE Iuri Olesha's latest book, *The Severe Youth*, deliberately tackles the problem of the future socialist state, Mikhaïl Levidov has thought it only fair to criticize the work from the point of view of the period to which it refers. He therefore imagines that he is living in 2035 when he writes the following critique:—

'Yes, people were strange in those days and, to our way of thinking, somewhat comical. Only a hundred years have elapsed since the publication of that strange, and, to our way of thinking, somewhat comical book, a hundred years, an infinitesimal period of time according to our cosmic computations, a mere second on mankind's clock, the mechanism of which we have now begun to control. And, although, as you well know, our language has hardly changed since then, this book now requires a rather full commentary.

'Of course, it is neither so complicated nor so important as to force us to have recourse to "braintec," especially as I do not know whether the author's brain was preserved in his own time. But we cannot get along without "facetec," since our methods of analyzing the literary compositions of the past require familiarity with the author's face. I shall therefore ask you to connect your television sets with the central "facetec" station. All set? And now you have before you the face of Iuri Olesha (1897–1989), the author of the work under consideration, entitled *The Severe Youth*. Please look at this face.

'Our method of analyzing the mere photograph of a face makes it possible to find the central link in the psychophysiological system. My analysis, which you may check step by step, has shown the restlessness of a lonely man. That is the central fact. In this Olesha was not unique: at the time he wrote there were many other lonely souls, who were born and had reached maturity before the October Revolution. And their number was particularly great among so-called "men of letters" or "writers."

'You are all familiar with this purely historical term. It first came into usage during the last century of the prehistoric era—the nineteenth century—and was liquidated at the beginning of our own epoch, when every man really acquired the physiognomy of his day and left behind him his own melodious and permanent memoir. The story that each one of us tells about himself and his work, in words, colors, or sounds, thus providing a perfectly natural record of his accomplishment, was then the privilege of an élite, who made story-telling a profession. We, to-day, cannot understand this because we consider a man one-sided and underdeveloped if he only writes or only paints or only flies or only measures the cosmos.

'Olesha's book takes on a certain strangeness from our point of view, for he worried about us, about the future, about life under socialism, about the problems that, to his way of thinking, were bound to arise in our classless society. And this

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would have been very thoughtful were it not so comical. Not content, in his other works, with projecting his own inner world on the screen of contemporary reality, he also projected his personal experiences into the future. Olesha multiplied and peopled our world.

'He worried: will classless society know the sorrow of unrequited love? Of course, he was in favor of classless society, he belonged to the period when it was founded. But he also favored unrequited love, which, as the romantic spirit of the prehistoric era put it, ennobled and enriched human beings. The value of suffering was the favorite theme of literature and moralistic philosophy during the prehistoric period and served as the basis for a tremendous variety of intellectual perversions and fantasies, which are generally known under the collective term of "religious systems." Man had to suffer so much that it was not hard to convince him of the value of suffering. Although this experience of "joy in suffering" should have been an atavistic throwback in the years when Olesha wrote, it occupies a large place in his inner world and is so important that by means of suffering in the form of unrequited love he "saves" our world. And from what does he save it? Apparently from boredom, smugness, and satiety.

'Another thing that worried Olesha was the problem of inequality. Would our world have "talented" people and "ordinary mortals"? And how can such inequality be justified? But, at this point, we must condemn our lonely little man by the standard of his own time, for it was then obvious already that this problem was illusory. During the prehistoric period the conception of "talent" was based on the conception of "want of talent." Talent itself implied a certain want of talent, that is to say, a certain lack of proportion and harmony. Talent almost always existed at the expense of something else in a human being, just as hearing grows at the expense of sight. Many suffered from an unwholesome frenzy of talent, among them Olesha.

'Olesha's contemporary critics thought that, although his book was ideologically at fault, as the critics then loved to say, it was a work of "rare and high mastery." Here we see a brilliant example of how passionately the readers and critics of the time desired a literature that would be worthy of their tremendous and wonderful epoch. But there are elements of hypnosis involved. The author's technical mastery and subtle word composition acted hypnotically and made them overlook the poverty of his thought and limitation of his theme. But all this makes the next work of the same author even more wonderful, for he wrote it at a moment when he ceased to be worried and lonely. He wrote it in the year 19 . . .'

C. K. Munro's War Play

C. K. MUNRO'S new play, *Ding & Co.*, is not particularly well written; its subject, however, makes it interesting. Furthermore, the fact that it is being shown in 1934–1935, when the memories of the last War blend with apprehensions of the next, lends it particular importance. For we still have young men who believe in the glory of war and others who, not believing, think any action better than none. We still have scientists who, though peace-loving at heart, devote their energies to inventing deadlier and deadlier means of warfare. And we have the men 'whose dislike of war is tempered by the money it pours into their pockets,' as Kingsley Martin gently puts it in the *New Statesman and Nation*. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Munro has seen fit to use the war profiteer for comic relief and has made him into a purely farcical character.

The central and most important figure is Ding himself, the man who justified the last War and is preparing our minds for the next. And this brings us to the central theme of the play—the relation of the propagandist ruler to the individual citi-

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zen. As Martin says: 'To-day we know that most of us were deceived by war lies. The question we ought to ask ourselves is whether we were really wanting the truth.' And, summarizing Ding's point of view in words that the character himself might use, Mr. Martin makes Ding say: 'I further the ends of war by making capital first out of our morality and secondly out of our capacity to kill. The end justifies the means. That is how the world is governed. And it is governed in this way not because I am wicked while the common people are good but because I am very much like the common people myself. You put me in office to tell lies. The test is whether I do it efficiently. To call me an unscrupulous liar is not to defame me but to congratulate me on doing efficiently what a ruler must always do even in time of peace and what he must do extravagantly and horribly and nauseatingly in time of war.'

This brings us to what Mr. Munro probably meant to be the kernel of the play. Hope, the heroine, who has watched Ding play on her brother's emotions and send him to his death, still instinctively scorns the 'very post-war young man' who says that he would refuse to fight because war is 'silly.' She knows that he is right, and yet she despises him. Ding, who bases his faith on the permanence of human foolishness, is sure that this war-hater will don khaki with the rest when the call comes. 'On the day when he refuses to fight and you cease to despise him for refusing,' Ding says, 'these stupidities as you know them will pass away. The remedy is in your hands, not mine.'

It is clear that Mr. Munro is offering an individualistic solution to a problem that transcends the individual. 'It is because you, the people,' he says, 'still cherish the illusion of the glory of war even when you revolt at its horrors that wars are possible. You must not only hate Ding and his lies; you must come to hate the conflict within yourselves that makes it possible for Ding to tell his lies and for you to accept them.' How that conflict within the individual is fostered by the same powers that profit by Ding's lies Mr. Munro does not indicate: his war profiteer is just a big joke. But then, of course, Mr. Munro has nothing to say about 'systems'; it's the individual conscience that matters.

Shakespeare and Company

TAÏROV, the Soviet theatrical director and producer, is planning a large-scale performance of the *Egyptian Nights*, for which Prokofiev has written the music. The text, however, cannot be attributed to one man. The first part of the play will use Bernard Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, which ends on Caesar's promise to send Mark Antony to Egypt. Next comes an interlude, during which Pushkin's poem, *Egyptian Nights*, will be presented. The value of this poem is the light it sheds on the personality of the Queen during the seven years that elapse between the end of the Shaw play and the beginning of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, which is to be the final act and crowning glory of this spectacle. Shakespeare will, of course, undergo some severe cutting, particularly in the middle section, which Taïrov considers unduly burdened with insignificant events.

The purpose of such a production, as Taïrov sees it, is 'to disclose by a method of analysis peculiar to our own period the emotional problems that may have a direct influence on the contemporary spectator and to indicate clearly the other problems, which have lost their power to act directly on the listener and which must therefore be used in a manner that will give them indirect influence by means of contrast.' Only in this way can a play belonging to a former period be revived in our times. In other words, we may expect an ultra-modern production of the *Egyptian Nights* in true Soviet style, which implies the harmonious collaboration of the greatest minds of past and present.

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

UNDER THE CAPABLE direction of Watson Davis, Science Service, with headquarters at Washington, D. C., performs a valuable service in the popularization of scientific knowledge and technical achievement. With a liberal endowment (chiefly from the E. W. Scripps Estate) and the collaboration of most of America's best-known scientists, this service is in an exceptionally favored position for lessening the gap between science and the layman. Substantial proof of this may be found in the volume, *The Advance of Science*, edited by Mr. Davis and published by Doubleday, Doran ($3.50). Here, in some four hundred pages generously illustrated with photographs and diagrams, the lay reader will find one of the most readable and accurate accounts of recent scientific activities available in English. As an example of the type of material included in this book, and of the dramatic manner in which abstruse facts are presented, take the following statements occurring in the chapter, 'Energy from Atoms':—

Beginning with the mathematical formula for energy, $E = Mc^2$, we arrive at such theoretical possibilities as these:—

The annihilation (meaning the complete atomic destruction) of one pound of water would create enough energy to heat 100 million tons of water from freezing to boiling temperature.

A breath of air would operate a powerful airplane continuously for a year.

A handful of snow would heat a large apartment house for a year.

The pasteboard in a small railroad ticket would carry a heavy passenger train several times around the globe.

A teacup of water would provide energy sufficient to operate a large generating station of 100,000 kilowatts' capacity for one year.

WE ARE REMINDED, however, that such Wellsian dreams as these are not to be taken too seriously, if only because of the fact that, even if this atomic disintegration were technically possible, the stupendous quantities of energy released would have to be used *at once* (try to find a way of storing the 10-million-volt lightning flash released by the Van de Graff 'atom-smasher'!). But, if even partial realization of these dreams were effected, 'a real industrial revolution,'—to quote from the book,—'compared with which the present economic consequences of machines and energy replacing labor are mere minor adjustments, would result . . . Continuous flight over continents and oceans would become commonplace. Coal mines and oil wells would be valueless. Dams and electrical transmission lines would be as outmoded as stagecoaches . . . and, if man did not master the consequences of cheap atomic energy, the world would be plunged into a great sociological disaster.'

VITAMINS—what they are, how many there are, and what they do—are more frequently discussed than satisfactorily explained. It is true that knowledge in this field is growing so rapidly and undergoing such constant modifications that what was an established fact one day may be discredited to-morrow. Nevertheless, our readers may be interested in the following brief summary of the vitamins thus far known. It is taken from another of the thirty-two chapters of *The Advance of Science*:—

Vitamin A: Identified by Professor E. V. McCollum; also, in 1913, by Professor L. B. Mendel and T. B. Osborne. Formed in the liver from carotene, the yellow coloring matter of plants such as carrots, spinach, etc. Deprivation facilitates infection, especially of the eyes, resulting in xerophthalmia.

Vitamin B_1: Discovered in 1896 by Dr. C. Eijkman. Found abundantly in the germ or embryo of cereals, especially rice,

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and in yeast. Deficiency results in injury to the nervous system, producing beri-beri, a disease widely prevalent among peoples whose diet consists largely of polished rice.

Vitamin B_2: Discovered by Prof. E. V. McCollum in 1925. Occurs freely in yeast, wheat germ, milk, eggs, lean meat, liver, and many vegetables. A strictly dietary principal, the absence of which in proper amounts contributes to the occurrence of pellagra, a characteristic 'deficiency disease' widely prevalent in the southern states of the United States.

Vitamin C: Existence first demonstrated by Professor E. Mellanby in 1919. Abundant in fish-liver oils and also derived by irradiating ergosterol with ultraviolet rays (trade name of this variety is 'viosterol'). Deprivation of this vitamin inhibits normal bone growth and encourages the development of rickets and osteomalacia.

Vitamin E: Discovered by Drs. H. M. Evans and K. S. Bishop in 1922 (female form); male form discovered in 1925 by Dr. K. E. Mason. Found in wheat germs, lettuce and other green vegetables. Essential (as is Vitamin A) to the reproductive function: deficiency causes sterility in the female and, in the male, progressive degeneration of the testes.

'LYSATO-THERAPY' is the name of a new method for the treatment and cure of a wide variety of human ailments, including many hitherto considered beyond medical aid. Developed by the Soviet scientist, Dr. I. N. Kazakov, director of the recently established State Scientific Research Institute for Metabolism at Moscow, this method is based upon a thoroughgoing knowledge of physiology and biochemistry, applied with strict regard to 'the dynamics and mutual interdependence of the processes of the living organism.' The guiding idea in Dr. Kazakov's researches (which have been going on for about ten years) is that of equilibrium, the balance of vital processes necessary to the maintenance of physical health: the American physiologist, Dr. W. B. Cannon, has coined for this condition the word 'homeostasis.'

'In the process of metabolism'—to quote from the report on Dr. Kazakov's work in the *Moscow News*—'the cell gives off certain products of disintegration and at the same time absorbs a series of other substances and albuminous compounds. However, each particular type of cell gives off and absorbs entirely different specific chemical compounds. For this reason the normal functioning of the whole organism, the health of the individual, is conditioned by the correct relationship between the destruction and renewals of the cells and by the proper proportions between the various substances that circulate in the organism.'

It is to ensure these correct relationships between organic processes that lysato-therapy has been evolved. Dr. Kazakov has developed a large number of preparations (40 at the present time with more being constantly added) known as lysates or hydrolysates. These are derived chiefly from organs or tissues of freshly killed farm animals, and each is credited with specific chemical properties effective in a definite type of disease. Treatment is by injection of these lysates, following, of course, a careful study and diagnosis of the particular case. A complete analysis of the results obtained by this new method is not yet possible, nor do Dr. Kazakov and his staff make any excessive claims.

Since its inception in 1932 the Research Institute for Metabolism has treated cases of schizophrenia (split personality), epilepsy, ankylotic spondilytis (stiffening of the joints), and glaucoma (an eye disease considered incurable) with a high proportion of success in each case. Similar results are being realized in numerous other ailments, including many diseases of childhood.

POPULATION PROBLEMS figured largely in a recent lecture on 'Human Biology and Politics' delivered by the

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distinguished British biochemist, J. B. S. Haldane. Calling our attention again to the fact that the reproduction rate for England is steadily diminishing, being now at 0.75 (anything less than 1 means a falling population), Professor Haldane writes as follows about other countries:—

'The net rate is below unity throughout northwestern Europe, including France and Germany. It is near unity in central Europe and rapidly dropping toward that figure in Italy and the Balkans. For example, the net reproduction rate in Bulgaria fell from 1.9 in 1903 to 1.3 in 1929 and is probably now very little above unity. In the United States it probably fell below unity in 1927. In the British self-governing dominions it is still slightly above unity, but approaching that figure. The position in the U. S. S. R. and Japan is entirely different. In 1926–27 the net reproduction rate of the former country was 1.7; that of Japan is also very high, though really adequate figures are lacking. It is of course probable that in both these countries industrialization will ultimately lower fertility, but there are as yet no clear signs of this tendency.'

To counteract this falling birth rate—which, he believes, has great possibilities for evil—Professor Haldane suggests two practical measures: a system of family allowances and the establishment of a standard minimum diet. Just how these excellent ideas can be actually realized under the economic system prevailing in the greater part of the world, Haldane fails to tell us, although he has elsewhere remarked in no uncertain terms that, if society fails to encourage the development of healthy stock in adequate numbers, it must be forcibly altered. With regard to wholesale sterilization, Professor Haldane remains firmly skeptical: not only are true genetic factors for most of the proposed classes of the socially undesirable either entirely lacking or undefined, but, where they are present, it is often in the form of recessive genes, which would require centuries to be completely eliminated.

THE SCIENCE of genetics—its foremost American representative, Dr. T. H. Morgan, was awarded the Nobel Prize last year—has risen to new heights through the work of Drs. Painter and Bridges on the genes, those minute and until recently never directly observed carriers of our physical endowment. Dr. Morgan's classic experiments with the fruit fly had fully established the significance of chromosomes as the bearers of the genes, but there was little direct evidence to indicate their number or the manner of their arrangement. Finally, Dr. T. S. Painter of the University of Texas, working in collaboration with Dr. Calvin B. Bridges and Dr. M. Demerec of the Carnegie Institution, began intensive work on the giant salivary gland of the fruit fly. Study of the large chromosome associated with this gland revealed that it was an exact replica of the smaller ones whose contents are still beyond microscopic reach. Clearly indicated on these large chromosomes (which had previously been considered diseased units) was a series of bands, and it occurred to the investigators to compare these bands with the inferred locations of specific genes in the 'normal' chromosomes. Followed a long series of exacting experiments, resulting in another triumph for the processes of scientific inference; an exact correspondence was disclosed. Dr. Painter's first 'map' of these bands accounted for about a thousand; subsequently Dr. Bridges extended the work, so that to-day we have direct knowledge of some 3,500 bands, each of which corresponds with the location of a specific gene.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this discovery in the clearing up of some of the most vexed problems in biological science. Concrete proof of the existence of the genes and the possession of a reliable method for determining their location in both male and female chromosomes will not only enormously advance our knowledge of the precise mechanism of inheritance but will also

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enable us—through experiments on other forms of life—to develop a rational understanding of variations in the human being. 'Chromosome maps,' already extensively used for fruit flies, will be slowly built up for other species, assisting us to correct the emotional bigotries of current eugenic beliefs by constantly increasing knowledge of the quantitative physical factors behind such dangerous generalizations as 'character,' 'temperament,' 'personality,' and the like. No responsible geneticist, however, would be so rash as to suggest that this new knowledge can be applied as a panacea for human and social ills: indeed, according to one of them, the American Dr. H. J. Muller, a correct understanding of social problems must precede any effort to improve man's condition by biological means alone. 'The social direction of human evolution'—to quote Dr. Muller's own words—'can occur only under a socially directed economic system.' In other words, the finest genes in the entire realm of organic life are helpless in an environment that systematically inhibits growth and destroys potentialities.

MAJOR GENERAL C. H. Foulkes is a British army officer who does not share the simple citizen's horror of gas warfare. In his recent elaborately documented volume, *Gas! the Story of the Special Brigade*, published in London, he deprecates the 'exaggerated' fear of gas raids: 'While fully admitting,' he writes, 'the grave dangers to cities of attacks from the air, I do not believe that gas in bombs or in the form of spray would inflict anything like as much loss of life as H. E. [high explosives] . . . I might point out that the conditions in a town are very different from those on the battlefield: houses, for instance, if their occupants are taught to use them properly, can be made tolerably safe places of refuge against gas, whereas they increase the effect of H. E. owing to the danger of falling masonry and outbreaks of fire.'

All of which irresistibly suggests comparison with the recent law on capital punishment adopted by Esthonia: the condemned is permitted to decide whether he will go to his death by 'voluntary' suicide from poison or be expeditiously shot. For this decision he is allowed five minutes—a better break than he might be getting for the choice between shrapnel or phosgene. General Foulkes, who was director of Gas Services during the late War, rather blatantly contradicts himself elsewhere, if we are to believe Arthur Marshall, who reviews his book for *Nature:* if the correct gases are properly applied, they may cause 'far more casualties than any other arm, *and the deaths amount to 20–40 per cent of the casualties*' [emphasis mine]—a vast 'improvement' over the 3-per-cent deaths from gas reported by the Allies during the last years of the War.

General Foulkes's opinion may be contrasted with that of the French chemist, Professor Langevin, who firmly believes that adequate defense against gas is impossible; with the belief of General Pouderoux (former chief of the Paris Fire Department) that the only escape of town and city dwellers is through mass flight (whither, one may ask); and with the admission of General Duchêne (in charge of French Air Defense) that the danger to cities and their inhabitants from carefully planned air raids using poison and incendiary bombs is so grave that anything like full protection is out of the question.

So the argument moves, shuttle-like, to and fro, leaving the plain citizen with one idea uppermost in his mind: 'If air raids and gas attacks are so harmless, why does every country on the globe concentrate the bulk of its destructive energies on the perfection of each—and both?' Perhaps some humorist will favor us—after the manner of Dean Swift—with a 'Modest Proposal' whereby all armies shall be required to discharge blank cartridges, shells, and bombs at each other, passing the time between campaigns drinking tea at Geneva . . . —HAROLD WARD

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AS OTHERS SEE US

The Freedom of the Seas

CORDELL HULL'S announcement that the United States no longer insisted on the freedom of the seas under all circumstances received loud applause abroad, and the *Europe Nouvelle*, a liberal international weekly published in Paris, made this comment:—

It is possible that the decision of the Federal Government was not dictated entirely by tactical considerations. Slowly but indisputably, the United States is letting itself be won over to international coöperation. It now has a seat on the World Court and in the International Labor Organization. In 1932 Mr. Stimson proposed a procedure of 'international consultation.' In the conflict between China and Japan America collaborated actively with the League. It has just deposited at Geneva a resolution to control the manufacture and traffic in arms. Mr. Cordell Hull's recent announcement seems to be another step in the same direction. By making it difficult for an aggressor to get supplies from American ships, it assures the League of Nations of a coöperation that may be passive but that is no less important for that reason. The rights of neutral commerce and the principle of freedom of the seas are thus vanishing in the face of the necessity of bringing sanctions to bear against aggressors.

In freeing England and other naval Powers from any fear of an additional conflict with the United States in the event of a new war, the Washington Government is facilitating the limitation of naval armaments and reducing the naval requirements of each state. By indicating that it will not favor trading with a country responsible for a war, the United States permits itself to collaborate indirectly, passively, but effectively in international action against an aggressor state. The country can now participate in the blockade of a nation responsible for war.

From all these points of view, America's decision constitutes an important date in the history of naval negotiations, in the history of the League and of international law. The freedom of the seas is yielding to the necessities of international action, and the sea, which never belonged to anybody and always remained the property of all, is about to play its part in international justice.

O'Neill before the Cross

ONE of Russia's leading critics, A. Abramov, has written a diatribe in the *Literaturnaia Gazeta* of Moscow attacking Eugene O'Neill's last play, *Days without End*. As the representative of a nation that has given us some of the best productions of O'Neill's dramas, Abramov speaks with authority of the change in O'Neill:—

He came to the theatre bearing the flag of the psychological school in protest against the ruling literary tradition, in the name of living people on the stage. He belonged to the same group as Dreiser, Lewis, and Anderson. He considered himself an anarchist. He was a friend of John Reed's; he was connected with the old *Masses*.

Let us recall the social face of the period: capitalist expansion has ended; trusts are already in existence; hypertrophied capital looms ahead like the Juggernaut, under the wheels of which the financial independence of the petty bourgeois is to perish. But the petty bourgeois no longer struggles; he cries, and his cry is

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heard clearest of all in literature, in which we see a powerful revolt of talent, a revolt against 'the system,' not a political but an ethical rebellion. It is, so to speak, the free personality protesting in the name of abstract, classless ideals—truth, conscience, honor.

O'Neill's protest in the theatre reflects that same attitude in contemporary literature. Anna Christie is not a prostitute but a human being, a personality used as a symbol of society's destruction of women. *Emperor Jones* is the tragedy of the outcast whom capitalist civilization has excluded from society. Almost all O'Neill's heroes have in common their doom, the hopelessness of their struggle, and the futility of their protests.

As the years go by O'Neill's accusation grows weaker and loses its social character. The intellectual's pessimistic revolt, the bohemian's anarchistic protest are undergoing a strange evolution. The collapse of capitalist values, the bankruptcy of the entire system revealing itself with extraordinary clarity at the very beginning of the crisis find O'Neill in a closed study, cloistered within four walls, the windows of which have been carefully sealed. He wishes neither to hear nor see. *Ah, Wilderness*, which was written during this period, deals with the troubled days of a writer's youth. It is a demonstrative refusal on the part of the writer to answer the question of the time. But an answer is demanded, and *Days without End* is O'Neill's reply.

Everything in this play is subordinated to the main idea—sin and punishment, the revolt and the conversion of the hero. But who is the hero? A protesting intellectual, a passionate truth-seeker, a spiritual rebel whose entire revolt takes place somewhere in his consciousness in complete isolation from outside events, under the seemingly calm surface of conventional life. In his youth the hero loses his parents, both of whom die during an influenza epidemic. The spiritual cataclysm following this misfortune changes him from a model Christian to an iconoclastic atheist. John Loving, the individualist, loses his understanding of world processes. He seeks truth at the Positivists' school; he studies Nietzsche and Karl Marx. The October Revolution in Russia leads him to the Communists, but the brilliant clarity of Marx and Lenin are unbearable to this confused, unbalanced mind. An unsuccessful Marxist ends up a bewildered pessimist. After Karl Marx, John Loving's teachers are Confucius and Lao-Tsze. Ancient Greece follows in the wake of the Orient. John Loving's mind becomes a sort of philosophical panopticon, a ridiculous hodgepodge like Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy*.

All this takes place in John Loving's past. When the play opens we see him plunged in terror. The revolt is over. Life goes on, happy and calm. Peace reigns in John Loving's family—a beloved wife, a comfortable home, and no storms on the horizon. But this external radiance is deceptive. The calm of his life conceals the turmoil in John Loving's soul A process of psychic disintegration takes place in this seemingly happy person. His personality is split into John and Loving, two contradictory and hostile personalities. John is the pure soul of his youth, the remnants of the still unconsumed Deism, the incarnation of the evangelical doctrine of love and faith in Christ. Loving stands for revolt, egotistical self-affirmation, and ethical nihilism.

O'Neill reveals this conflict in an interesting manner. On the stage we see two John Lovings—John and Loving, dressed alike, resembling one another as twins. John is a real figure, whose existence all the other characters in the play recognize. But only John knows of Loving's existence. Everyone hears and sees John. No one hears or sees Loving, or, if they do hear him, they attribute his words to John.

The reader will recall that *Days without End* focuses on John Lov-

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ing's unfaithfulness to his wife, which he puts into a novel. Unable to solve the problem in any other way he has the wife die in the end. In reality, John Loving's wife catches cold, develops pneumonia, and dies. Remorse drives John Loving to the religion that his parents' death made him forsake. Since, in O'Neill's opinion, punishment must always follow sin, Loving is triumphant and John becomes his humble slave. But that is not the end of the play. We must now turn to Baird, the priest, who represents another element in O'Neill's ideology, and here is Abramov's criticism of the Catholic father:—

He is not even a man, and there is nothing human in him. He is the living symbol of Christian doctrine—love your neighbor, believe unquestioningly, do the will of the Lord, and evil will be conquered. Dostoievski's influence appears clearly at this point, for the priest has something of the idealized old man, Father Zosim, and something of Aliosha Karamazov, who is also a propagandist of Christian truth. But, whereas Dostoievski presents living, rebellious, suffering, or happy people, O'Neill presents only schematizations, scenic abstractions, 'ideas in masks.' At the end of the play John and Loving are kneeling before the crucifix. It is the last conflict of good and evil, the last act of a soul tragedy. 'There is no God,' Loving cries. 'There is,' John replies, kneeling before the crucifix. O'Neill has put into John's prayer all the pathos of which he is capable. Loving falls with these words, 'Thou hast conquered, Lord. Thou art . . . the End. Forgive . . . the damned soul . . . of John Loving.' And John replies, rising above Loving's prostrate body, 'Love lives forever. Death is dead. Listen! Do you hear? . . . Life laughs with God's love again. Life laughs with love.'

Such is the last act of this play, and such is its true meaning. Dostoievski's influence is superficial, for Dostoievski's problems are deeper and more complicated, whereas O'Neill's problem is elementary and simple. All ideological enthusiasms, O'Neill says, are transient, just as John Loving's search for a philosophy was transient. Nothing is eternal but love and Christian truth. Let us go back to religion, to the ethical doctrines of Catholicism, which alone offers salvation to a humanity that has become confused by contradictions.

Thus O'Neill shows his real face, the face of a churchman and an obscurantist, who has found his life-ideal in the garb of a Catholic priest. And this is not a chance happening. Catholicism is becoming today an outpost, around which the active elements of the bourgeoisie are gathering in their struggle against Communism. Chesterton and Belloc in England are sounding the call to Catholicism, to which the most confused people—those English and American intellectuals who have suffered most—are running. O'Neill is taking his stand in their ranks. His play is the ideological creed of the writer as well as his political manifesto. He has said his last word. We have heard him and shall not forget.

A Japanese Prince on America

AFTER a visit of some months to the United States Prince Fumimaro Konoye wrote an article for the *Economic Monthly*, a Japanese publication, summing up his impressions of the country and reporting what some of its leading citizens had told him. Here are his concluding paragraphs:—

Before my trip to America, I had heard about the diplomatic activities of Russians in America since the formal resumption of diplomatic relations. As soon as I landed on American soil, I was confronted with the question on the Russo-Japanese war talk. War talk was everywhere, San

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Francisco, Chicago, New York, everywhere, they talked about war between Soviet Russia and Japan. I was given the impression that the talk had something to do with Russian propaganda.

Soviet propaganda about its famous peace policy is well rooted everywhere in America, so much so that Americans believe that, in case of war, it will be Japan that takes the initiative. They think the U. S. S. R. is so pacific that it will not resort to any provocative move in the Far East. Soviet propaganda is so thorough that many Americans who are studying the position of the Japanese army fail to appreciate the situation they find in the Far East, especially in consideration of the geographical proximity of Vladivostok and the protection of the Manchukuo border, which devolves upon the Japanese army.

Diverse opinions prevail in America about the advance of Japanese merchandise on the world markets in recent years. Mr. Scott, of the U. S. Steel Corporation, for instance, believes that the cheapness of Japanese goods is due entirely to the sale of Japanese traders below cost. He believes the Japanese are dumping their manufactures. I have not heard anybody charge Japan with 'social dumping.' Officials and scholars, especially officials connected with the New Deal, see the necessity of analyzing the cost of production more minutely and of refraining from charges of dumping.

There are persons who believe that, in consideration of the fact that Japan and America are mutually complementary in their economic relations, study should be made of the economic possibilities of each country, so that each can abandon industries that could better be conducted by the other. Flour milling in Japan and silk in the U. S. A. were mentioned as the cases in point.

Some people say that Colonel House, political adviser to the late President Wilson, who participated in the Paris Peace Conference, is a man of the past, but, according to Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, he is an influential leader of the Democratic Party and a personal adviser to President Roosevelt. Mr. Matsuoka advised me to call on him. When I met him, he received me as the first Japanese he had met since he saw Mr. Matsuoka. Had Root and Taft been sent to the Paris Conference, he said, America would have joined the League of Nations; the biggest error was that they were not sent to Paris.

Four years before the outbreak of the World War, he said, he visited Europe and met the Kaiser. He told him that, if things were let to take the course they had followed, there would be a clash between Germany and Britain. If things are left as they are to-day in the Far East, he said, Japan will be a second Germany. Excepting Italy, there is no Government suited to the world of to-day; the world is undergoing a revolutionary stage. Japan is undertaking a tremendous task in the Far East, taking advantage of this world situation. This summarizes his opinion.

Mr. Roy Howard holds similar views. These men watch the political trend in Japan as they regard it to be an important factor in the promotion of the peaceful relations between America and Japan. These men, however, are exceptional; the common run of men rarely give thought to the internal affairs of other countries.

Every second day Colonel House has a Chinese visitor, but no Japanese ever calls on him. The information he gathers is one-sided, as might be expected. How the Japanese are lacking in propaganda may be seen in the ignorance among Americans about Japan and its affairs. They know much about Fujiyama, geisha girls, and the like, but they do not realize that Japan is a modern country; what they know are the dregs of feudal Japan. They don't know whether there are trolley-cars in Japan or not. They think Japan is a backward country, and it is natural that they should, judged by the information they gather.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

report of a local correspondent, who describes what has been happening in Kiangsi and prophesies ultimate success for the Nationalist Government in its anti-Communist campaign.

MANY of our readers will recall Denis Saurat's account of his visit to the mountebank philosopher Gourdyev that we translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française* about a year ago and the description of his establishment at Fontainebleau when the late A. R. Orage was staying there. This month M. Saurat writes an appreciative essay on Mr. Orage, whose death a few months ago removes from the scene the most eloquent advocate of Major Douglas's Social Credit in two hemispheres.

WALTER SCHÖNSTEDT arrived in the United States from Europe early in December to represent Lord Marley's international committee in behalf of maintaining the *status quo* in the Saar. Only twenty-three years old, he is the author of several popular novels that had the distinction of being burned by the Nazis and has more recently taken part in underground work in Germany. His book *Shot While Attempting to Escape* has been published in England, and his article that we have translated this month outlining his next book calls attention to the recent radicalization among the Storm Troops since the purge of June 30.

LAST month we presented Trotski's views of the French situation; the month before we gave some excerpts from the Fascist press; this month we translate from a liberal topical weekly a description of what has happened to the French villages, in which about half the population of the country lives, during the past ten years. One gathers that the twentieth century has at last reached the hearthstone of the French peasant and is transforming his life and mentality for good and all.

THE same pair of Russian authors who described a 'Manchurian Wedding' some months ago record the impressions of a Mongolian Soviet official during one of his trips through his primitive native country. For strategic reasons rather than for any natural resources it contains, Mongolia is likely to become the bone of contention if war breaks out between Russia and Japan.

THAT veteran interviewer, Frédéric Lefèvre, editor of the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, whose 'Hours' with various celebrities have been appearing in THE LIVING AGE for more than a decade, describes a recent visit of his to Colette, whose latest novel, *Duo*, has sold 50,000 copies in France within a month of publication. Even in the United States her popularity rivals that of André Maurois and, indeed, many of our native best-sellers.

THAT mysterious character, Colonel de la Rocque, head of the Croix de Feu organization and the most promising Fascist leader in France, is the subject of a personality sketch translated from the *Europe Nouvelle*, an international weekly that has lately come into the control of Alfred Fabre-Luce and Jean Prévost, youthful disciples of Joseph Caillaux and former editors of *Pamphlet*. Here we discover that the good colonel does not seem to be very long on intelligence, but he is a determined and sincere man and hence all the more likely to succeed.

SKETCHES of Luigi Pirandello and Bogoljub Jevtič complete our 'Persons and Personages' department. As the winner of last year's Nobel Prize for literature, Pirandello needs no introduction, and as Premier and Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia Jevtič will soon acquire—if, indeed, he does not already possess—a European reputation comparable to that of Beneš and Titulescu.

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